

# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

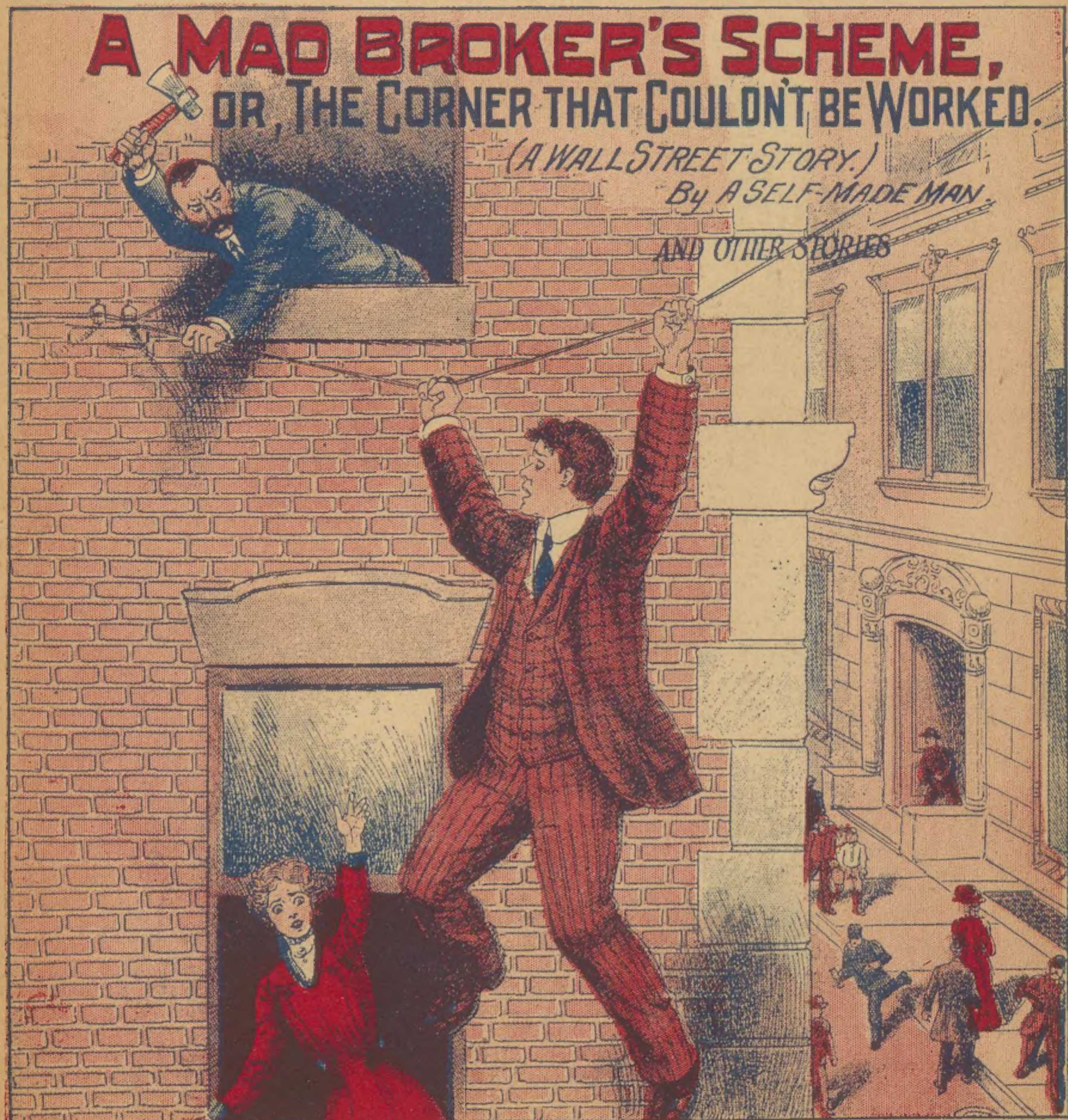
## STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

### A MAD BROKER'S SCHEME, OR, THE CORNER THAT COULDN'T BE WORKED.

(A WALL STREET STORY.)

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



"Aha! I have you now!" cried the mad broker, glaring down at the boy, as he raised the hatchet to sever the wire. Bob, hanging by the wire in mid-air, felt that his position was one of great peril.







# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## A Mad Broker's Scheme

OR, THE CORNER THAT COULDN'T BE WORKED

By A SELF-MADE MAN

### CHAPTER I.—An Angry Woman.

"Say, Bob, you know the Golding crowd?" said Ed Dooley, messenger for D. Green & Co., of Exchange Place, meeting his friend Bob Blakeley, who was employed in a similar capacity by Moses Tucker, stockbroker, of No. — Wall Street, one afternoon in front of the Stock Exchange.

"What about the Golding crowd?" asked Bob, who knew that Ed referred to a certain clique of daring speculators that kept Wall Street constantly guessing as to what they were up to.

"They're going to make things hum inside of ten days."

"How do you know what they're going to do? There isn't a broker on the Street but would give his eye teeth to get a line on their operations. He'd make a fortune out of the information."

"My boss, Mr. Greene, has just got an order from Golding to buy every share of D. & C. he can pick up. That means that the Golding bunch are going to corner the stock if they can, and then boom it as high as it will stand."

"How did you get hold of the pointer?"

"No matter how I got on to it, but you can take my word for it that it's the real goods and a yard wide," grinned Ed.

"I'm thinking if Mr. Green knew that you were so wise about his business you'd hear from him."

"I'll bet I would," chuckled Ed. "Why, if I wanted to blab what I know about what's doing in D. & C., I could put the Golding syndicate in a hole."

"And your boss, too. You'd better not tell anybody else what you've told me."

"I don't intend to. You're my chum; and I know you won't say anything about it. We can both make a haul out of the information, and nobody need be any the wiser. I'm going to buy ten shares of D. & C. on my way home this afternoon, and I'd advise you to go the limit of your pile, too. D. & C. is now down to rock bottom, and we can't lose, unless we should hold on for the last dollar after it goes up, but I don't think either of us is such a chump."

"Not if we could help ourselves; but it's hard to tell when the last dollar is reached. Well, thanks for the tip. I'll get in on it as soon as I can. So long, old man," and Bob darted into the Exchange while Ed continued on to his office.

Bob Blakeley was a bright, energetic boy, who had been working in Wall Street for about two years. His mother was a widow with a large family of boys and girls, all, with the exception of one girl, who worked in a Jersey City department store, being younger than Bob. He and his elder sister practically supported the family with their wages, though one of his younger brothers made a couple of dollars a week delivering morning newspapers for a small newsdealer on the corner of the street where they lived in a modest flat. Bob had lived in Jersey City ever since he could remember, and he thought it was quite a town for its size. He had been working for his present boss, Moses Tucker, for nearly a year. He was regarded as a wonder by the other messengers, for Tucker had never before been known to keep a boy for over three months, while few of his previous boys had stayed more than a month or six weeks. Tucker had a grouch against boys in general, and his office boy in particular. He claimed that all boys were alike—not worth their salt. The boys who had worked for Tucker claimed that the broker was a dyed-in-the-wool crank, and that nothing pleased him.

After Bob had worked a week for the trader he agreed that Mr. Tucker was a hard man to get along with; but he was an even-tempered boy, and as it was a matter of bread and butter with him, he did the best he could to get along with his employer.

Mr. Tucker seldom went to the Exchange himself. His nephew, Forrest Tucker, who was his chief clerk, represented him in the board room. The cashier of the establishment, John Andrews, was an old, white-haired man, who had worked in Wall Street since he was thirteen years of age. Bob thought him a nice, fatherly old gentleman, and silently sympathized with him when he saw Tucker jump upon his neck, as the expression is, about some trivial thing, as the broker was in the habit of doing several times a day. He knew that Andrews was not only old but down in the world financially, and that self-interest compelled him to put up with the treatment he received from his employer. Tucker paid him considerably less than any other man in the Street got for performing the same duties, and as Andrews did not talk back, the broker held on to him. The rest of the office force consisted of two bookkeepers and a stenographer. When Bob



reached the rail in the messengers' entrance of the Exchange he asked for Forrest Tucker, who was somewhere about on the floor. He came up in a few minutes, took the note from Bob, read it, nodded his head and walked away.

Thus dismissed, Bob returned to the office.

Hardly had he taken his seat in his chair beside the window when the door opened and a determined-looking woman of perhaps five-and-forty years entered the reception room.

She wasn't a stranger to the office so she wasted no time looking around, but walked straight up to Bob.

"I want to see Mr. Tucker," she said, aggressively.

"Yes, ma'am, take a seat," replied Bob, making no move to get up.

"Take my name in to him at once, do you hear?" she said.

"He's very busy, ma'am, just at present."

"I don't believe it," snapped the lady.

"That's just an excuse you're making. Go in and tell him I'm here, and that I intend to see him if I wait all day."

Bob got up reluctantly and started for the door of the private office.

He had received standing orders from his employer to sidetrack the visitor, whose name was Mrs. Matilda Glenn, but as the lady looked particularly belligerent on the present occasion he didn't see how he could get around the matter.

He might have told Mrs. Glenn that Mr. Tucker was out—in fact, that was what the broker expected him to tell her whenever she called—but as Bob knew his boss was in he didn't like to tell a deliberate lie, even to please Mr. Tucker.

Bob knocked at the door, knowing that Mr. Tucker would go for his scalp for disturbing him on Mrs. Glenn's account.

"Come in," growled the broker.

Bob entered and shut the door carefully behind him.

"Mrs. Glenn is outside, sir, and she says——"

"Haven't I told you that I won't see that woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then what do you mean by coming in here and announcing her?" snapped the trader, wrathfully.

"I told her that you were busy, but she says she intends to see you if she waits all day," replied the boy.

"I don't care what she says. Let her wait."

"What shall I say to her?"

"Look here, if I've got to teach you your business every five minutes in the day I'll get a new boy. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then get out. Hold on a moment. How long have you been back from the Exchange?"

"Five or six minutes."

"What kept you out so long?"

"I wasn't out long sir."

"I say you were. If you contradict me I'll discharge you." Bob remained silent.

"You handed the note to my nephew?" continued the broker.

"Yes, sir."

"You can go. Get rid of that woman or you'll hear from me."

The broker turned to his desk and Bob walked

out, wondering how he was going to persuade the visitor to leave without seeing his boss.

Mrs. Glenn had speculated through Mr. Tucker and lost money.

That might have been the end of her connection with the office only some sympathizing friend told her that Wall Street was a den of thieves, and that an outsider who speculated through a broker had the cards stacked against him, and consequently, stood little show of winning.

Mrs. Glenn didn't mind losing her money at a square game if luck was against her, but the idea of being up against a crooked game made her mad.

She called on Mr. Tucker and asked for an explanation, and he tried to satisfy her that she had a run for her money.

She declined to be satisfied and demanded her money back.

Mr. Tucker wasn't in the habit of giving any thing back so she didn't get it.

She then consulted a lawyer, but he told her she had no case. Thereupon she decided to take the law into her own hands. She was a very determined woman, and her visits proving a nuisance to the broker, he instructed Bob to get rid of her when she called.

"Mr. Tucker is engaged on important business and can't possibly see you," Bob said when he came out into the waiting-room.

The lady's eyes snapped and she pushed her chin forward aggressively.

"I s'pose he told you to tell me that in order to get rid of me. Well, I won't go till I see him. You can go right back and tell him so," she said.

"It won't do any good, ma'am," replied Bob, politely.

At that moment Mr. Tucker rang his bell. There was a sign he wanted Bob. The boy went in.

"Here, take these papers to Miss Hope. I want six carbon copies of them."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you got rid of that woman yet?"

Before Bob could answer, Mrs. Glenn, who had entered noiselessly after him, came forward and exclaimed:

"No, he hasn't got rid of me, and you won't get rid of me till you give me back my money. Do you understand?" and she brought her umbrella down on the top of his desk with a bang.

Mr. Tucker almost jumped a foot.

"Madam, will you kindly leave my office?" cried the broker.

"I'll leave when I get my money," she replied, firmly.

"There is nothing coming to you, madam. You received your statement, which showed a small balance, and that was paid to you by my cashier. Your account being closed, our business relations end."

"You swindled me out of my money, and I want it back."

"Madam, you are using very strong language, which I would resent if you were a man. I beg to inform you that stockbrokers do not swindle their customers. If they did they would not continue in business long. It wasn't my fault that you lost your money. You were on the wrong side of the market, like many others, and you lost most of your margin. I should advise you



to keep out of Wall Street hereafter, and put your money in a savings bank."

"Is that all the satisfaction I'm to get?" flashed the angry woman.

"That is all you're entitled to."

"That take that, and that, and that, you swindling villain!" she cried, bringing her umbrella down on Mr. Tucker's head in rapid succession.

Fortunately for the broker Bob re-entered the room at that moment with several typewritten letters for his signature. When he saw the infuriated woman strike his employer he dropped the letters, dashed forward and caught her arm before she had half satisfied her rage.

She turned on the young messenger and tried to hit him, but Bob snatched the umbrella out of her hand and rushed her through the door with little ceremony.

She put up such a fight in the waiting-room that Bob had to call one of the clerks to his aid.

Grabbing both her arms they ran her out of the office and over to the elevator, where they signaled a car and shoved her into it, to the great astonishment of the passengers.

## CHAPTER II.—Unexplained Absence of Mr. Tucker.

When Bob returned to the private room he found Mr. Tucker sitting quite dazed in his chair. He picked up the letters and laid them on the broker's desk.

"Did she hurt you, sir?" he asked.

"She? Who do you mean? What are you talking about?" replied Mr. Tucker, looking at Bob in a queer way.

"Mrs. Glenn."

"What about her? Didn't I tell you to send her away?" he said, with a flash of his customary grouchiness.

"We've got rid of her. Jackson and I ran her out of the office and put her on an elevator."

"What brought you in here?" asked the broker, seeming to pay little attention to his words.

"I brought you those letters to sign."

The broker looked at him in an absent-minded way. At that moment Bob noticed some streaks of blood on his employer's gray hair.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you've got a cut on the side of the head. Shall I wash it with a little water?" he said.

Mr. Tucker made no reply but swung around in his chair and looked out of the window.

Bob took that as a hint to retire and he did so, carrying with him the umbrella he had snatched from Mrs. Glenn's hand, and which he had neglected to restore to her. He carried it into the counting-room, observing that one of the ribs was broken, and that the fractured piece stuck through the cover.

It was clear to Bob that the fractured rib had caused the wound on Mr. Tucker's head, but he guessed the cut didn't amount to much or his employer would have attended to it.

The cashier had witnessed the unceremonious ousting of Mrs. Glenn with not a little surprise. He questioned the clerk Bob had called to his assistance, and the young man told him such particulars as he had learned from the young messenger.

When Bob entered the counting-room with the umbrella Andrews called him to his desk and asked him about the incident.

The boy couldn't tell him much more than he had already told the clerk.

"What did Mr. Tucker say about it when you went in just now?" asked the cashier.

"Nothing. I told him that Jackson and I ran her out of the office, but he did not pay much attention to me. He acted kind of queer. I half expected that he'd make a kick because we didn't send for a policeman and have the lady arrested for assault."

While they were talking Mr. Tucker came out of his room with his hat and overcoat on and walked out of the office.

It was half-past three, and as the broker usually went home at about that hour they concluded that was where he was bound.

"It's a wonder he didn't ring for me to take those letters back to Miss Hope," said Bob, starting for the private office to get them.

When he entered the room he was surprised to find his employer's desk open, for he never knew Mr. Tucker to go out and not shut down the roll-top.

"He hasn't signed those letters," muttered the boy, seeing them lying where he had put them. "Locks as if he's just stepped out and will be back in a few minutes."

So Bob returned to his seat in the waiting-room, for, though it was his quitting time, he was expected to remain in the office until the broker left for good. In the meantime Forrest Tucker had returned from the Exchange, which had been closed for half an hour, and was at his desk in the counting-room. Fifteen minutes passed away and the broker did not return.

Bob was growing impatient, for he had nothing to do, and he wanted to go to the little bank on Nassau Street and buy some D. & C. shares on the strength of the tip Ed Dooley had given him.

Four o'clock came and Mr. Tucker still failed to show up. The cashier, noticing him sitting outside, asked him why he didn't go home.

"I'm waiting for Mr. Tucker to get back."

"Why, I thought he went home half an hour ago?"

"He wouldn't go home and leave his desk open with a bunch of letters unsigned."

"Did he do that?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't wait any longer. I'll attend to the letters."

"All right, sir."

Bob put on his hat and left the office.

It was too late now to connect with the brokerage department of the bank, for it closed promptly at four.

"I'll try and put the deal through in the morning," he said to himself as he started for the ferryhouse at the foot of Cortlandt Street, where he took a boat across the river for home.

Bob appeared at the office at his usual hour the following morning, and, after placing the mail on the flap of Mr. Tucker's desk, took his seat at the window in the reception-room and looked over the Wall Street dailies his boss subscribed for. He made it a point to keep in touch with the news of the Street, as he believed it was to his interest to do so. The clerks, the stenographer and the cashier came in one by one.



"Mr. Tucker didn't come back yesterday afternoon," the latter said to Bob.

"Didn't he? I never saw him go away and leave his desk open before," replied Bob. "What did you do about the letters?"

"Left them for him to sign this morning."

The cashier walked to his desk as Forrest Tucker came in. He was always the last employee to arrive, seldom reaching the office before half-past nine.

As Moses Tucker was a widower without children, his nephew regarded himself as the future boss of the office and heir to whatever his uncle left behind him when he died. Mr. Tucker, who lived in bachelor apartments on Park Avenue, usually reached the office at a quarter of ten. He hadn't arrived when Bob was sent out on his first errand at five minutes of that hour.

The errand took him to a stationer's store on Nassau Street, and that gave him the chance he was looking for to place his order with the little bank for fifteen shares of D. & C., which was ruling at 74.

When he got back Forrest Tucker had gone over to the Exchange, after looking over the mail and dictating sundry replies to the stenographer in the absence of the boss, who hadn't shown up.

As Bob was hanging up his hat a customer came in and asked for Mr. Tucker. The boy looked into the private room and then told the caller that the broker had not reached the office yet. The customer went to the cashier and transacted his business with him. While he was doing it other customers came in and gathered about the ticker.

Five minutes later Andrews called Bob and sent him to the Exchange with a note to Forrest Tucker. That young man came to the rail and got it.

"Has my uncle come down yet?" he inquired.

"No, sir."

"You can go," said the acting broker, and Bob left.

Noon came and still Mr. Tucker hadn't shown up.

"Maybe he isn't feeling well this morning after his run-in with Mrs. Glenn," thought Bob. "That cut he received on the head might have been more serious than it looked to me. Mrs. Glenn may yet find herself in a lot of trouble over the matter. By George! She was awfully mad. She has the idea that she was skinned out of her money here. If people will risk their money on margin they ought not to kick when they get left. It's their funeral, not ours."

Several persons came in to see the broker, but had to go away without seeing him. While Bob was out at lunch the cashier telephoned to the apartment-house where Mr. Tucker roomed and asked if the broker was sick.

"I haven't seen Mr. Tucker since yesterday morning at about half-past eight," was the reply. "You say he hasn't come down this morning? Well, hold the wire. I will send to his rooms and see if he's there."

A few minutes later the same voice informed Andrews that Mr. Tucker was not in his apartments, and had not slept there the previous night, for the bed showed no signs of having been occupied.

The cashier was somewhat surprised at this information, and he thought he had better send

a note to the broker's nephew informing him of the fact. When Bob returned from his lunch the note was waiting for him to take to the Exchange. Forrest Tucker looked puzzled when he read it.

"I can't imagine where the old gentleman could have gone," he said. "He has not slept away from his room but once in the last three years. He has few friends that he calls on. If he went any place it's funny he hasn't sent word down here to let us know that he wasn't coming down to-day. There are a number of things that require his personal attention. If he doesn't show up or send some word by three, I'll go uptown and look into the matter. I hope nothing has happened to him."

When Forrest Tucker got back after the Exchange closed he found that nothing had been heard from the broker, so after attending to certain matters that had to be done, he started uptown to see what had become of his uncle.

By that time everybody in the office knew that Mr. Tucker's absence had not been accounted for, and there was much speculation as to where he was and why he had not communicated with his place of business.

Bob wondered if the shock of Mrs. Glenn's assault on him had anything to do with it.

"He certainly acted kind of queer when I went in after putting the lady out," he told the cashier. "When I called his attention to the cut on his head he just swung around in his chair and turned his back to me without a word."

"Did she hit him pretty hard?" asked Andrews.

"She struck him as hard as she could, I guess, for she was as mad as a hornet."

"She looked like a woman who could tear things up when aroused."

"I should say so. Did you see how she went for me in the waiting-room? She struck me several times. When I found I couldn't handle her I called on Jackson. We had a great time getting her to the elevator. She has quite a bunch of muscle in her arms. Women speculators are a nuisance."

"I couldn't offer any opinion as to whether the assault played any figure in Mr. Tucker's absence to-day," said the cashier, finally. "You ought to be able to judge of that better than me as you witnessed it while I didn't."

"It is possible that the broken umbrella rib might have injured his brain," said Bob. "In consequence he may have fallen in the street on his way home and been taken to a hospital."

"Well, his nephew has gone uptown to look for him. If Mr. Tucker is in any hospital Forrest will doubtless locate him, and learn the extent of his injuries."

Mr. Andrews turned to his books and Bob left the office for home.

### CHAPTER III.—The Fight with the Toughs.

After supper that evening Bob went to a private gymnasium, where he was taking boxing lessons from a retired pugilist known as Professor Fox.

He was already quite proficient in the art of self-defence, as the professor politely called it.

In fact, he was so clever with the gloves that Fox declared he should be able to hold his own against many amateur fighters who thought they



were some pumpkins. At any rate, he was able to "put it all over" any of the other pupils, and to give the professor himself an interesting tussle.

He was also as good as anyone on the apparatus of the gymnasium, and Professor Fox regarded him as a credit to his establishment.

On this particular night Bob stayed until the place closed up at eleven and then started for home.

Passing down a lonesome block, the boy noticed a man sitting on the bottom step of the short flight that led up to the hall door of a three-story brick house.

His chin was buried in the palms of his hands, his two elbows resting on his knees, and he was looking straight ahead at nothing in particular.

There was a gas lamp in front of the next house, and its rays showed the man up quite clearly. There was something familiar about him that caused Bob to give more attention than he otherwise would.

When he got nearly opposite him the man shifted his head slightly.

That brought his face full in the rays of the gaslight. Bob stopped and uttered a gasp. He recognized the man as his employer, Moses Tucker.

"Why, Mr. Tucker, is that you?" he said, stepping up to him.

The broker cocked his eye at Bob, but did not alter his position or utter a word of recognition.

The situation was a bit embarrassing to the boy, as he hardly knew what to do.

He could hardly ask his boss what he was doing in Jersey City, for it was quite possible that the old man might be visiting at the house on the steps of which he was sitting, and in that case he would naturally consider his messenger's curiosity as impertinent.

Still, Mr. Tucker's failure to recognize him looked odd.

Bob might have almost doubted the evidence of his eyes but for the fact that on the man's little finger was a cameo ring that he had seen on his employer's little finger, so he felt certain that he was addressing Mr. Tucker.

He was about to make another effort to get the broker to recognize him when Mr. Tucker got up and started off down the street.

"This is the funniest thing I ever was up against," thought the young messenger. "My own boss doesn't seem to know me. I'm going to follow him and see where he is bound for."

Mr. Tucker kept straight on down the street for several blocks and then turned into another thoroughfare that led toward the river.

"I guess he's going to the ferry," thought Bob.

The broker, however, turned off toward the wharves below the ferry, and as that was rather a tough locality, Bob could not understand where he was going.

Within a block of the river Mr. Tucker turned into the doorway of a cheap lodging house and mounted the stairway, which was narrow and ill-lighted, to the second floor, where the office and public room was situated.

Bob stopped at the foot of the stairs and looked after him.

"What in thunder is taking the boss to such a place as this?" he asked himself, not a little puzzled over the circumstance.

While Bob was considering whether he should follow Mr. Tucker upstairs or call the matter off and go home, a sudden racket sounded on the air.

The swinging door of a low groggery two houses away flew outward and a young fellow of perhaps twenty years came rushing out, followed by three toughs.

He dashed toward the spot where Bob stood, with the three ruffians in full chase.

One of his pursuers proved pretty spry and he caught up with the young chap opposite the lodging house door.

He dealt him a blow that laid him out on the sidewalk and then the entire three jumped the unfortunate young man.

That was more than Bob could stand. Even without understanding the merits of the case, it went against his grain to see three husky fellows doing up one who was down, to boot.

Of course, he realized it was a case of looking for trouble for him to butt in on a matter that didn't actually concern him, but still he felt that it was his duty to try and save the young fellow from being pummeled into a jelly.

So he jumped right into the melee and dealt the nearest tough a blow that sent him rolling over his companions and into the gutter.

Then he tackled the next one, and planted a swinging hook behind his ear.

The fellow reeled back with an imprecation and then looked to see who had hit him.

His gaze lighted on the young messenger, who had now turned his attention to the third one of the bunch.

The young chap who had been knocked down, relieved of two of his aggressors, jumped on his feet and fought off the third just as Bob clipped the rascal in the jaw.

"Thanks for your help," he said, recognizing our hero as a friend in need.

"Don't mention it," replied Bob. "Look out, they're coming for both of us now. It's three to two instead of three to one, and I'll bet they'll get all they want from me," concluded the boy, confident that his skill as a boxer would enable him to make things interesting for the toughs.

The mix-up came directly, and Bob found that he had two against him, for the toughs recognized him as an interloper who had taken them off their guard, and they were determined to wreak vengeance on him.

Dodging and feinting, he kept them guessing how to reach him, and watching his chance, he rushed at one like an avalanche and bowled him over with a swing on the end of his jaw.

The fellow's companion struck out at him, but his blow fell short and he lost his balance.

Bob was quick to take advantage of the fact, and he caught the chap a short arm blow on one of his eyes that made him see a host of stars.

In the meantime, Bob's companion was putting up a good fight against his antagonist, and the tide of battle appeared to be going in their favor when several more toughs from the saloon appeared on the scene.

They circled around the two objects of the first three toughs' vengeance, and as Bob and the young man tried to take advantage of a temporary cessation of hostilities to make their escape up the street, they found, to their dismay, that their retreat was cut off, and that they were now up against eight opponents instead of three.



"We can't lick this mob," said the young man, with a quick glance around. "Unless a policeman turns up we'll be knocked into a cocked hat."

"They've got us cornered, too. The only thing we can do is to make a dash up those lodging house stairs and take shelter there," said Bob.

"I'm with you," said the other.

Before they could put the plan into execution the bunch of toughs made a rush at them. Finding it impossible to escape, they backed up against the door of the house behind them.

In a moment they were the focus of a forest of waving fists.

They both struck out lustily, but the odds were too heavy for them to successfully hold off.

At that critical moment the door gave way behind them with a crash and they fell into a dark entry.

Two of their aggressors fell on top of them partly, while the rest of the bunch stuck fast in the doorway.

Bob quickly extricated himself from the tangle, and grabbing his companion in trouble by the arm pulled him on his feet.

"Follow me up these stairs," he said, rushing the young man to the foot of the narrow flight.

With shouts and imprecations the mob of toughs came pell mell after them.

As Bob and his associate reached the head of the stairs a woman appeared on the landing with a lamp.

She was a hard-looking female, with a bloated countenance, and fingers that looked like claws.

"Here, here, what does all this mean?" she screamed, following the words up with many threats on the heads of all hands.

"Head 'em off, Mother Mobb," cried one of the toughs, who evidently knew her.

In fact, there wasn't a person, tough or otherwise, in that locality who didn't know Mother Mobb as the hardest female in Jersey City, and her reputation was well known to the police, who had had many a run-in with her, and did not always come off with flying colors, for when aroused she could fight like a wildcat. As Mother Mobb stood in with the tough element of the neighborhood, for those were the people she associated with and who helped her against the police when she was in trouble, she responded to the appeal at once, and interposed herself between the further progress of the young messenger and his companion.

Unaware of the fighting character of the hag who faced them they tried to force their way past her.

"No ye don't, my chickabiddies. Ye'll stay where ye are," she screeched.

To stay where they were meant capture in another moment, and to this both Bob and his companion had a decided objection.

Bob saw that gentle means were of no avail under the circumstances.

The woman was a tough herself, and must be handled without gloves.

She looked bad, however, and to scrap with her could only end in their capture.

Bob was a boy of quick resource.

He suddenly reached out his hand, snatched the lamp from the hag's fingers, and dashed it down into the faces of the pursuers.

The lamp struck the banister and exploded with a loud report, scattering the oil over the fore-

most toughs, and creating the utmost consternation in their ranks, as the oil ignited on their clothes and lit up the stairs with a lurid glow.

## CHAPTER IV. The Fire in the Tenement.

Mother Mobb uttered a yell of rage, mixed with alarm, as Bob snatched the lamp away from her and sent it hurtling down the staircase. The yells of pain and terror from the toughs, as the flames spread over the clothes of the foremost ones, who tried to force their way back downstairs, mingled with the outcries of the old harrikan, made a scene of uproar and confusion. Taking advantage of the excitement, Bob and his companion forced their way past the hag and scrambled up a second flight of stairs they had seen ahead. Before they were half way up several scantily attired men and women appeared on the landing above. They had been aroused by the racket below, and they couldn't tell whether a free fight was in progress or the house was on fire. Lights were common enough in the houses of that neighborhood at all hours, and did not attract special attention. The tumult on the present occasion was above the ordinary and that brought the people on the third floor out of their rooms.

"What's going on below—is it a fight?" asked one of the men of Bob.

"That's what it is," replied the boy.

"And what brings you two up here?" asked the man.

"We want to reach the roof."

"And what do you want to reach the roof for?" asked the brawny fellow, suspiciously, as he blocked their way.

"We want to get away."

"Who from—the police?"

"Yes," replied Bob on the spur of the moment, not knowing what other answer to give his questioner.

"There's a ladder in the corner will take you up. As soon as you are through I'll hook it from this side. You'll find the scuttles open in all the buildings. You'd better go to the corner house and make your way to the street through that. Or if you're afraid to show yourselves on the street Moe Goldstein will help you out if you've got a dollar or two in your clothes."

Bob was half-way up the ladder before the man concluded.

The scuttle was not fastened and he threw it back and crawled out on the roof of the low tenement. His companion followed, closing the scuttle after him. The man, thinking he was helping a couple of young crooks to get away from the police, whom he regarded as the natural enemies of himself and his friends, secured the trap in a way that would have given the police some trouble had they really been after Bob and his associate.

"We are lucky," said Bob, as he and the young man stood on the roof and looked around them. "I was afraid that big fellow wouldn't let us up. Had he kept us at bay we'd have been in a nice fix."

"We would that. And now that we've got away from that crowd and have a breathing spell



tell me who you are. You have done me a mighty friendly turn tonight, and I shan't forget it."

"My name is Bob Blakeley."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Bob. Mine is Jack Archer. Shake."

They shook hands as they walked slowly and carefully over the roofs toward the corner house recommended by the brawny man.

"How came you to be in that saloon where you were attacked by the toughs?" asked Bob.

"You see, it's a sort of sailors' boarding-house upstairs, and I went there to see a deckhand on the steamboat of which I'm the clerk. I didn't know it was such a tough joint till I got inside. Bulgin is the name of the chap I called on, and he hangs out there when he's ashore. He didn't happen to be in when I got there—the barkeeper said he'd gone to some show—so I sat down to wait for him. My appearance probably attracted the notice of a crowd of toughs. Three of them came to the table where I sat and asked me to treat to drinks. I did so to avoid trouble, but as I don't drink myself, and wouldn't think of swallowing the rot-gut they sell there under the name of whisky if I did drink, I spilled my glass on the floor. They noticed what I did and that started the rumpus. When I saw that they meant to do me I jumped up and started for the sidewalk. I had to fight my way to get out, and they followed me outside as you saw, and gave chase when I started to run in order to give them the slip. They were too quick for me, and only for you I am sure I should have been pretty roughly handled."

"I guess you would," replied Bob.

"You appear to be an uncommonly good scrapper for your age," said Archer.

"I've been taught to use my fists in a scientific way by an ex-prizefighter, and I'm not afraid to tackle anything within reason that comes along."

"You certainly put it over those toughs in good style. You held your own against two of them at once, which is saying a whole lot for you. Hello! There's a big racket in the street. Let's see what the crowd we got away from is up to now."

They crawled to the edge of the parapet and looked down. There seemed to be quite a mob of persons on the street opposite the house they had been forced into.

"I believe the place is afire," said Bob. "Look at the smoke coming out of the doorway."

"I see it. The lamp must have started the blaze when it exploded."

"Then we'd better get down one of these scuttles and make our way to the street."

"The further away we get the better, so we'd better keep on till we reach the corner building."

They hurried over the roofs as fast as they dared in the darkness, but when they reached the corner house they found it half a story higher than the others in the row.

"How are we going to get up there?" asked Bob.

"I'll boost you up and then you can haul me up by the arms."

Archer gave Bob a lift so that he was able to grasp the top of the brick firewall, and then he scrambled up the balance of the way without help.

Straddling the wall, he reached down and helped his new acquaintance to mount.

"The excitement can't be about us," said Bob. "Maybe a couple of policemen have reached the scene and the toughs are having it out with them."

"I wouldn't be surprised if that's the case," replied Archer. "We've put the rascals in a fighting mood, and they feel grouchy over our getting away from them, so they're in the humor for tearing things up."

"It's a wonder they didn't follow us after recovering from the shock of the lamp explosion."

"How do you know but that the house is on fire and that is the reason of the racket? We saw smoke coming out of the front door a moment or two ago."

"That's so. Let us take another look down from over the cornice," said Bob.

They walked over to the parapet of the building and leaning on it, looked down. The whole street appeared to be aroused. Smoke was pouring out of the door of the house and out of the second-story windows of the house they had left, but there were no signs of flames.

"The house is afire," said Archer, excitedly, "and that is the cause of the excitement. We may expect to see the firemen here soon."

"I hope it won't amount to much," said Bob, anxiously, "for I'm the cause of it. I fired the lamp, and if any one should be burned to death I should always have it on my mind."

"You did it in self-defense. It was the only thing that could have saved us from being captured by those toughs. Had they got the upper hand of us they might have kicked and pounded us in the brutal way that is characteristic of them."

As they continued to look down, fascinated by the excitement of the scene, a bright light flashed up in the window of the second floor of the burning building and the smoke increased greatly.

They now heard sounds on the string of roofs they had left, and looking in that direction saw in the gloom a number of people who had evidently left the burning building and its immediate neighbors.

The windows throughout the block were filled with excited people in all stages of undress, and the mob in the street had grown to a dense crowd, drawn from that populous neighborhood.

A fire engine now appeared coming down the street at full tilt, and the "toot-toot" of another was heard in the distance. The fire in the meantime momentarily increased. Flames began shooting out of the second-story windows, and the smoke was issuing from the third story and rolling over the roof.

The ground floor seemed also to be burning fiercely.

"This all comes of three toughs trying to do you up in the saloon," said Bob.

"That's right. I'll bet those chaps who got the contents of the lamp in their faces won't forget it soon."

"That old woman was the toughest female I ever saw," replied Bob. "I thought we'd never get by her."

"We wouldn't if you hadn't snatched the lamp from her and created the excitement. That rattled her so that we got past her in the confusion."

The first engine stopped at the corner, where there was a hydrant, and the hose-cart went on



as far as the blazing building, laying a line of hose. Several policemen were now on the scene, trying to establish some kind of order in the crowd. At that moment they heard sounds close by, indicating that some persons were trying to climb up on the roof of the corner building where they were.

"I guess we'd better get away from here," suggested Archer. "We may be recognized as the cause of this fire, and there's no saying what may be done to us by the men who have had to escape from the burning house."

Bob agreed with his companion, and they left the parapet to search for the scuttle by which they hoped to find an avenue of retreat to the sidewalk.

They found the scuttle without much trouble, but to their dismay discovered that it was fastened inside.

## CHAPTER V.—On the Roof of the Corner House.

"Now what are we going to do?" asked Bob.

"We'll have to continue on to the neighboring roof and try the next one," replied Archer.

They rushed to the edge of the roof, but found that the top of the adjoining building was all of fifteen feet lower. In fact, in the gloom they couldn't tell exactly how much lower it was.

"That's quite a drop," said Bob. "We may hurt ourselves if we venture."

"I'm afraid we'll have to do it, for there are three men on the roof here now with us."

"S'pose we join them and try to bluff it out. They may not recognize us."

"It's taking chances. I'd rather get away."

"Well, then, come on."

Their presence was noticed by the men, who, however, took them for spectators that had come up to see the fire, and paid no further attention to them. At that moment the scuttle behind them was raised and a man started to come up. Archer, looking over his shoulder, saw him and stopped Bob as he was in the act of swinging himself over the firewall.

"Hold on," he said. "Some one has opened the scuttle and is coming up. We can get down that way now."

Bob turned and saw the newcomer.

"We'll wait till he gets out of the way," he said.

The stranger came up slowly, but stopped at the top of the ladder and looked around. He saw Bob and Archer, who were near at hand.

"Vat you ish lookin' at, mine frients?" he asked.

"To see how far it is to the next floor," replied Archer.

"You are runnin' away from de fires, den?"

"You've struck it, but we can get down through that scuttle, now that you've opened it."

"Dere ish dime enoughts yet, mine frients. Dere ish no danger on dis roofs. It ish too far from de fires, and de valls ish vat ish called fireproofs. So you need not feel frightened to stay here aviles. You come from de buildin' where de fires ish, I suppose, or next door, maybe?"

"That's right."

"Vell, you come mit me and see de blaze from de front. Vhen it ish out vevill go down py de

scuttle, and I vill show you de vays out," said the man.

"Can't we go down now?" asked Archer.

"No. De doors ish all locked, and you could not get out to shave your lifes."

"Is your name Moe Goldstein?" asked Bob, remembering the name of the person the brawny man had mentioned.

"Dat is mine names. You seem to know me put I don't remember to have seen your faces pefore, and I haf a good memory. You vill tolt me who you vas, eh?"

"No, we're not letting on who we are," replied Bob.

"You needn't pe afraid, mine frients. De police learns nottings from me. If you wants to hide in my places till somedings plows over I vill make a pargain mit you, and you vill pe safer as if you vos in de middle of de oceans."

Bob and Archer saw that the man took them for crooks, and they deemed it wise, under the circumstances, not to undeceive him. Goldstein shut the scuttle and motioned them to follow him to the front of the building. The fire was now under considerable headway. The building where it started was doomed, and flames were already breaking out through the roof at the rear, lighting up the tops of all the houses.

The adjoining houses on either side were also on fire in places, but the firemen now had two streams of water on, and they expected to confine the blaze to the middle house. There was very little wind to fan the fire, which was a great advantage to the fire-fighters. A number of them had reached the roof close to the burning house, and were investigating things generally.

Goldstein leaned over the parapet and looked down into the street. Bob and Archer did likewise, but they kept the man between themselves and the men who were on the roof, one of whom they recognized as the brawny man who had helped them to escape from the now burning house, and, incidentally, recommended them to Moe Goldstein.

"This is going to be quite a fire before they put it out," remarked Archer.

"It looks that way, but I'm not interested in it. I'd like to reach the street and go home. It must be around one or two o'clock, and my mother, I'll bet, is worrying over my absence. I never stay out as late as this," replied Bob, in a low tone.

"You live in this town, I suppose?" returned Archer.

"Yes, on—— Street."

"I live aboard the steamer and only get home every other Sunday to see my folks, who live in Rosedale, one of the suburbs of Newark," said Archer. "I shan't get much sleep, if any, tonight. I've got to start to work taking account of freight at seven o'clock."

"What line do you work for?"

"New York and Virginia Navigation Company. I'm attached to the steamer *Roanoke*. We run between here and Norfolk."

"That's quite a trip."

"Yes, but I'm used to it. I've been two years on the job. By the way, what business are you working at?"

"I'm a stockbroker's messenger in Wall Street."

"You don't say. Pretty good position for a young fellow like you, isn't it?"



"Yes. I haven't any fault to find with it. A fellow can earn more than his wages if he's lucky, and takes advantage of chances that turn up once in a while."

"How comes it you were down in this tough locality at such a late hour to-night?" asked Archer, curiously.

"I could hardly tell you without going into an explanation that would take too long. I'll tell you some other time if we meet again."

"I hope we shall meet again, Bob. I have taken rather a shine to you, and would like to know you better. My steamer docks at Pier —, East River, when she's in port. That is not far from the foot of Wall Street, and there's no reason why you shouldn't come down and see me there. You will, won't you?"

"Yes. I could come some day after half-past three."

"Then come this afternoon if you can, for we leave on our next trip tomorrow morning."

"I won't promise, for I might not have the chance. I will if I can. If I do not you can drop me a postal, care of my boss—here is his card—when you get back, or you can drop in and see me any time between nine and three-thirty."

"All right," replied Archer, putting the card in his pocket.

While they talked in low tones they had been watching the progress of the fire, which at one time threatened to become a serious conflagration. The firemen, working like beavers, succeeded in getting it under control, but not before the three buildings had been practically gutted. Those who had been burned out had lost most of their belongings, but no lives were lost, as Bob afterward learned to his satisfaction.

The lodging house to which Bob had followed Mr. Tucker barely escaped. The inmates had been chased out by the police, and they mingled with the crowd and did not get a chance to return to their cheap beds till all danger of the fire spreading was over. Goldstein remained on the roof for an hour, an interested spectator of the fire, and then turned to Bob and Archer and told them to follow him and he would let them have beds if they could pay his price, or show them to the street if they did not want to stay. As they followed Goldstein the brawny man looked in their direction and recognized them.

"Hello!" he cried. "You are the chaps I helped out through the roof thinkin' the perlice were after you, instead of which you were tryin' to get away from Mother Mobb after knockin' the lamp out of her hands and startin' this fire. I've lost everythin' that belonged to me through you, blame you, and now I'm goin' to get square with you for it."

He made a vicious grab at Bob, who stood nearest to him, but the boy dodged and made a rush for the scuttle, followed by Archer.

They dashed by the astonished Goldstein, but as only one of them could get down the scuttle at a time, and Bob was the first to reach it, Archer was obliged to resort to some means of self-defense.

Accordingly he grabbed Moe and pushed him toward the furious brawny man. The latter, unable to stop himself in time, collided with Goldstein, knocked him down on the roof and fell over him. The brawny man filled the air with his

imprecations, while Moe uttered cries of pain and anger.

Taking advantage of the situation, Archer quickly let himself down into the scuttle-hole, and pulling the cover over, fastened it with the stout hook he found underneath, thus putting a barrier between themselves and the brawny ruffian who was so eager to get square with them.

Then he slipped down the short ladder and joined Bob, who stood in the darkness at the foot of it.

## CHAPTER VI.—End of Bob's Night Adventure.

"That was a close shave we had," said Archer. "I've pulled the scuttle over and hooked it so they can't reach us."

"Good for you. Let's get a hustle on, for we haven't any time to lose. That big fellow might smash the scuttle in," replied Bob.

Even as he spoke the sound of a boot heel thundered on the outside of the scuttle in a way that bid fair to demolish it in short order.

"Come on," said Archer, striking a match so they could see where they were going.

The ladder stood in a small entry, and to their right lay a flight of stairs leading downward. They dashed down the stairs and found themselves in another entry or landing. Here they paused while Archer struck a second match. They saw several closed doors facing on the landing, and the head of another stairway. As they started down this they heard a crash above.

"The big chap has smashed in the scuttle. He'll be after us directly," said Bob.

"He'll have a nice job catching us in the dark," replied Archer.

"Goldstein will follow him and get a light."

"We ought to be out before that'll happen."

"I don't know about that. Moe said the doors were locked and that we couldn't get out to save our lives."

"What's the matter with getting out by a window?"

"I don't care how I get out as long as I do," replied Bob, as they started for the last flight.

But now they found themselves blocked by a door, which shut them off from the stairs, and there was no key in the lock. This was one of the barriers Goldstein had alluded to. There was a door close by, but they found that locked, too. They tried two other doors in quick succession, only to find them locked.

And to make things worse they heard the footsteps of a heavy man rapidly descending the stairs.

"I'm afraid we're cornered," said Archer. "I don't see how we can get out of this entry."

"There's a window in the rear end. We must get out by that," said Bob.

"But it doesn't lead to the street."

"No matter. Let's get it open and see where it does lead to."

He rushed to the window, threw up the sash, which was not secured, and discovered iron window shutters. It required all of Bob's strength to reverse the rusty bar and throw the shutters open. They looked out into a narrow yard filled with packing-cases.

By jumping down on the top case of a pile be-



neath the window they could easily reach the ground; but after getting into the yard, if they found no exit from it, they would be trapped.

This fact was apparent to them both.

"That yard is worse than a cul de sac," said Archer. "We can't even back out after we once get down there. We'd have to stay there till morning at any rate, even if we didn't have to fight it out with the big fellow and his friends, too, if he found it necessary to get them to help him subdue us. They could knock the daylight out of us down there, and no one would be the wiser."

"We've got to get somewhere, for he'll be on top of us in a minute," said Bob.

"Well, here's a narrow ledge running along under the windows to that building over there. Have you got the nerve to walk it?"

"I've got nerve enough to do anything that'll get us out of this scrape," replied the young messenger.

"It's a risky feat, for it isn't over four inches wide."

"I don't care. I'll tackle it and you can follow me."

Bob stepped out of the window onto the ledge, and with his back against the brick wall began to shuffle slowly along the narrow path. There was nothing for him to grab hold of, so that it was wholly a question of maintaining his balance. This took nerve and resolution. If he swerved even a little bit out of the perpendicular he would have to jump into the yard in order to avoid a dangerous fall. As the yard was littered, as we have said, with all kinds of empty boxes, and the jump, if it had to be made, would have to be done at haphazard in the dark, the chances of a broken leg, or rib, or even one's neck, were good.

All these chances Bob took when he started along the ledge, but he didn't intend to lose his balance, and confidence went a long way to ensure success of the dangerous venture.

Archer followed him, and as they crept, as it were, slowly along the ledge, the head of the brawny man suddenly appeared at the open window they had just left. He knew they had gone that way, for he had seen Archer get out when he flashed a match to look for the young fellows. Seeing the boxes piled up under the window, he at once jumped to the conclusion that they had climbed down into the yard.

It was the most natural thing in the world for him to figure on.

He did not notice the ledge particularly, and if he had he would not have believed that the two fugitives would have tried to escape by taking such a risky route, particularly in the dark.

"I've got them now," he muttered, glaring down into the dark yard. "They can't get out. When I get through with 'em, they'll be fit subjects for a hospital."

Judging from his tone and the expression of his face he meant every word he said. Satisfied that he had the young chaps trapped, he was in no rush to get down after them. He wanted a light and a club, both of which he knew Goldstein could furnish him with. So he drew back from the window and waited for the latter, who was following slowly, to appear. In the meanwhile Bob and Archer were carefully making their way along the ledge to the adjacent building, where they had dimly made out a window.

If the sashes were locked Bob intended to smash in the glass so as to get at the catch. The distance Bob and his companion had to travel along the ledge was not much more than eighteen feet, and Bob got within reaching distance of the window at last. Stepping on the stone coping he tried the sash. It readily yielded to his touch, and shoving it up he entered the building. He waited for Archer to join him, and this the young steamboat clerk did in a few moments for he was not far behind Bob during the adventurous trip. As soon as they were both in the building Bob shut the window softly, and they stood in the darkness, looking to see what the brawny man was going to do, though they had little doubt what his intentions were.

It was not long before they saw him swing a lantern out of the window and peer down into the yard. They could see the outline of Goldstein beside him. It was evident that he and Moe pulled together. When the brawny man failed to see any sign of those he was looking for he let himself down onto the top of the pile of packing cases beneath the window, and, lantern in hand, descended to the yard, where he proceeded to hunt for his intended victims.

"He'll find us—I don't think," chuckled Bob, as he and Archer followed the movements of the lantern in the yard.

"When he fails to find us he'll wonder how we managed to escape, and I'll bet he'll be mad," said Archer.

"Well, we'll let him go on hunting. I'm anxious to get home, so we must see how we're going to get out of this building, which appears to be a storehouse of some kind."

"We can't expect to get out by way of the door, for that is, of course, locked. We must leave through a lower window, and take care that we are not taken for thieves and arrested. We might find it hard to account for our presence in this locality in a way that would not implicate us as having had a hand in starting that fire."

"I suppose we've got to take some chances. The fire is pretty nearly out by this time, so there won't be so many people around as there was a while ago. Come on. The sooner we make a break the sooner we'll be out of our troubles, I hope," replied Bob.

After some trouble they found their way down to the ground floor, one story below, and reached the front of the building. They found windows enough—four of them—but, to their great disappointment, they were all protected by heavy vertical iron bars, six inches apart.

There wasn't the slightest possibility of their getting out through them.

"I guess we'll have to go back to the second floor and see if we can get out of a window there, taking the chances of dropping to the sidewalk," said Archer.

So back they went and made their way to the front. Here they found four windows, too, but they were protected by iron shutters.

It was no great trouble to unfasten one of the shutters and they looked out on the street. There were still a lot of people at the corner, fifty feet away, and a steam engine working slowly. There was a shelf or cornice a foot wide under the window. Bob saw that it would be a simple matter for them to walk along this to a heavy iron gutter-pipe, which ran up to the roof between



the building they were in and the next one. Then they could slide down the pipe to the sidewalk.

"Follow me," said Bob, after he had pointed out the way to reach the walk. "Close the iron shutter after you, and then no one can tell from the outside that it's not locked like the others."

Bob soon reached the sidewalk without attracting any attention, and a moment later Archer stood beside him. They walked nonchalantly to the corner, passed through the sparse crowd and wended their way toward Montgomery Street.

Reaching that thoroughfare, they stood and talked until a car bound westward came along. Then Bob bade his new acquaintance good-by until they met again, and boarded the car, which would take him within easy walking distance of his home, while Archer started for the ferry to get a boat for New York.

## CHAPTER VII.—Bob's Deal Proves Successful.

It was half-past three when Bob reached home and he found his mother awake and very much worried over his staying out so late. She had imagined that something might have happened to him. Bob said he'd explain matters in the morning as he wanted to go to bed and get what sleep he could. He appeared at the office at nine, as usual, and he showed no traces of having been up more than half the previous night. As soon as the cashier came in Bob went to his desk and told him about his meeting with Mr. Tucker in Jersey City the night before, and how he had followed him downtown to the cheap lodging house.

"He looked just the same as he always has, but I can't understand why he paid no attention to me when I spoke to him. He couldn't help knowing it was me, for he looked me squarely in the face when I addressed him. Then he got up and walked away just as if I wasn't there," said Bob.

The cashier thought the circumstance decidedly singular.

"Are you sure it was Mr. Tucker?" he asked.

"I am positive it was he," answered Bob.

"Well, you must tell Mr. Forrest about it when he comes in."

Forrest Tucker didn't come in till nearly ten o'clock. He told the cashier that he had been unable to find any trace of his uncle.

"Something has happened to him, I'm afraid," he said. "I telephoned the principal hospitals, but no person answering his description has been received at any of them. Then I called at police headquarters, and asked that a general alarm be sent out to the men on the beats, furnishing an accurate description of Mr. Tucker's appearance and attire. I can't do anything more for the present."

The cashier then told him that Bob reported having seen the broker in Jersey City the night before, and had followed him to a cheap lodging house. Forrest Tucker was astonished and went outside to hear Bob's story. When he had heard it he was greatly puzzled. He questioned the young messenger closely, but Bob could tell him nothing more, except that there had been a big fire close to the lodging house soon after Mr. Tucker went in there. The broker's nephew got an accurate description of the house and street,

and after attending to some routine business and arranging with a broker friend to handle the business of the office until he returned to the Exchange, he went over to see the Jersey City police.

A detective accompanied him to the lodging house, and he was allowed to look at the register of names of the men who had paid fifteen cents and a quarter for lodgings the night before.

Mr. Tucker's name was there in handwriting that his nephew immediately recognized, but the day clerk could tell him nothing about the broker, except that all the lodgers had gone away, for none were allowed to remain in their bunks or dens called rooms, after eight o'clock.

"The night clerk may be able to give you some information," said the man, "but he doesn't come on till seven to-night."

Forrest Tucker returned to police headquarters and arranged to have a detective visit the lodging house that night and keep an eye out for any one answering his uncle's description. Then he returned to the office and reported to the cashier what he had learned in Jersey City, which, after all, was merely corroborative proof of Bob's story.

Young Tucker now took charge of the office in his uncle's absence and business went on as usual, everybody wondering what had become of the boss. Bob met Ed Dooley that day and told him about Mr. Tucker's remarkable disappearance after the assault made upon him by Mrs. Glenn, which Blakeley reasoned was at the bottom of the matter.

"I'll bet the broken rib of the umbrella injured his brain in some way and he's gone off his base a bit," said Bob.

"Looks like it," admitted Ed.

Then Bob told his chum how he had seen his boss in Jersey City the night before, and how strangely he had acted toward him.

"That only goes to show that he isn't quite right in his upper story," went on Bob. "Then think of him going to that cheap lodging house—a place that caters only to the riff-raff who can't afford to patronize a decent house."

"He must be dippy, surely," replied Ed.

"Mrs. Glenn will find herself in a lot of trouble over this thing," said Bob, "for Forrest Tucker is going to have her arrested for the assault on his uncle, and will assert that the blows she struck have turned Mr. Tucker's brain."

"She ought to be put through for it," said Ed. "What right had she to strike him in his office? These women speculators make me tired—at least, some of them do. I mean those who put up a big squeal when they get pinched by a slump. They ought to stay out of Wall Street altogether."

Bob then astonished Ed with the story of his night's adventure in connection with the toughs, and the new acquaintance he had made under such strenuous circumstances.

"And so you really caused that big blaze, the account of which I read in this morning's paper?" said Ed, greatly astonished.

"I did; but don't say a word about what I have told you. I don't want to be called upon by the Jersey City police for an explanation."

"Don't worry, Bob. I won't let a whisper escape me."

"That's right. By the way, I've taken advantage of your tip and bought fifteen shares of D. & C. I suppose you've gone in on it, too?"



"Sure I have. I bought ten shares. It has gone up half a point to-day."

"I see that it has. Well, I must be starting for home. I'll see you to-morrow some time."

Bob didn't go to the wharf of the New York and Virginia Navigation Company that afternoon to see Jack Archer, as he wanted to get home, have an early supper and turn in for an extra good sleep to make up what he had lost.

The week passed away, and the police failed to find any trace of the missing broker.

The matter was not reported to the newspapers, nor was his absence from his place of business circulated in Wall Street. Those who failed to see him when they called at the office concluded that he was ill at home, and as Forrest Tucker was capable of running things all right, Mr. Tucker's absence merely tied up his bank account, and caused a temporary contraction of the amount of business done. To partially meet this emergency young Tucker raised funds on all the securities that his uncle owned, and opened a temporary bank account in his own name, making deposits and signing checks against it.

D. & C. went up three points and closed at 77 on Saturday noon.

Bob and Ed looked to see it go much higher during the following week. Forrest Tucker deferred the arrest of Mrs. Glenn a while, hoping to learn something about his uncle's movements, but he was determined that she should be brought to book before long for the assault that seemed to have been the cause of the old broker's mysterious disappearance.

On the following Thursday, D. & C., which had been slowly rising to 79, began to attract the attention of the brokers on the floor of the Exchange, and many of them began buying it, believing it would go up several points further.

The result was that things became lively around the D. & C. pole and the price advanced three points in an hour.

Ed met Bob in the messengers' entrance around two o'clock.

"She's going up, old man," said Ed gleefully. "The last quotation on the board is 82. We are eight points to the good."

"That's fine," replied Bob; "but wait till it booms in earnest, when the syndicate gets busy."

"That's right. Then we'll have to keep our eyes open so that we can tell the right time to sell out."

"Of course."

"Heard anything from your missing boss?"

"Not a word."

"You find things easier under his nephew, don't you?"

"I should say so. My job is a regular cinch now. Not that I've got less to do, but nobody jumps on my neck and makes life unpleasant for me like Mr. Tucker was in the habit of doing. When he didn't call me down half a dozen times a day for nothing at all I thought there must be something the matter with him. And then the way he used to put it over Mr. Andrews was simply a shame. No other man would have stood for it. The trouble with the cashier is that he's old and is afraid he couldn't get another position if Mr. Tucker bounced him."

"I guess you don't care a whole lot whether your boss ever turns up again," laughed Ed.

"I won't say that, for I don't wish him any

hard luck. He's been gone now more than a week, and it's a problem what has happened to him since that night I saw him in Jersey City. It's a mighty queer case."

"You people must be keeping the matter pretty quiet, for none of the brokers seem to know about what has happened to him."

"His nephew doesn't want the truth to get around if he can help it, so we've got instructions to tell any one who calls and asks for him that he's under the weather, and we can't tell just when he'll be back at the office."

"You're not telling a lie when you give out that information, for if his brain is affected, as it must be, for no sane man would stay away from his business and a comfortable suite of apartments, he certainly is under the weather."

"Unless he's dead, in which case he's under the ground."

That afternoon D. & C. closed at 83.

Next day about eleven the syndicate's head broker took hold of it and soon boosted it to 90 amid great excitement on the floor.

Everybody wanted some of it now, and their efforts to get it sent it up and up, till at two o'clock it was roosting at 95.

Bob and Ed thought that was high enough for them and decided to sell out.

They didn't find the chance to get to the bank, as they were too busy attending to their regular duties.

Bob, however, was sent to the bank to make the day's deposits a little earlier than usual, and he found time to reach the little bank and brokerage house at a quarter of three.

By that time D. & C. was going at 96 3-5, at which figure he sold out, and his profit on the deal amounted to \$325, which made him worth \$500.

## CHAPTER VIII.—The Lone House on the River.

Next day, which was Saturday, a little after half-past twelve, as Bob was waiting for his pay envelope to come around, the door opened and in walked Jack Archer.

"Hello, Archer; got back?" cried Bob, jumping up and going forward to meet him.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" replied Archer, shaking hands with him. "The Roanoke got in this morning early, and I'm off till Monday morning. How have you been since that night we became acquainted?"

"All right. Rather an off-hand introduction we had," laughed Bob.

"Yes, it was kind of strenuous. So this where you work? Nice office."

"It's all right. Had your lunch yet?"

"No; I thought I'd wait till I got home."

"What's the matter with lunching with me, then we'll cross the river together?"

"I don't object. Aren't you going to work this afternoon?"

"No; we never work Saturday afternoons. What's the use when the Exchange closes at noon?"

At that moment the cashier called Bob over and handed him his week's wages.

"Now I'm off for the day," he said to Archer.



as he reached for his hat. "Come along. You mustn't expect me to take you to Delmonico's for I don't patronize that establishment. We'll go down to the Empire Cafe. They set a fine lunch there."

So Bob piloted his new friend to the Empire, and they took seats at a little highly-polished round table at the back of the room, which was fairly full of brokers and well-paid clerks.

While Archer was looking over the short bill of fare, Bob heard a couple of brokers behind him talking about the prospects of a rise in M. & O.

From their conversation he learned that they had heard on good authority that a syndicate had been formed to boom it.

He heard enough to interest him in the matter.

One of the brokers said that he had learned that a broker named Putnam had been engaged by the syndicate to do the buying, and he said he was going to watch Putnam.

If he bought the stock in right along it would be a sign that something was doing in it, and, the trader said, in that case he intended to buy himself and hold on for a rise.

That was all Bob heard on the subject, but it gave him an idea.

He would keep his eye on Putnam, too, when he visited the Exchange, and if he found the trader buying M. & O. he would take it for granted that there was something in the syndicate line on the tapis and would possibly get in on M. & O. himself and trust to luck to make another haul out of the market.

After they finished their lunch Bob and Archer crossed the river together.

"Come on home with me and I'll introduce you to my folks," said Archer.

After some persuasion Bob consented to go with him.

The Archers lived in a small, neat cottage on a shady street near a big church.

Bob was introduced to Mrs. Archer, an attractive little woman of five-and-forty, and Jack's sister, Edna whose age was about seventeen.

She was rather a pretty girl, and Bob took a shine to her at once.

The young messenger stayed until after tea, and then started for home, after receiving a cordial invitation from Mrs. Archer to call again.

During the fore part of the week, whenever Bob went to the Exchange he looked over at the M. & O. standard to see if Broker Putnam was there, but he didn't see him till Wednesday.

The trader appeared to be bidding for M. & O., and taking all that was offered to him.

It was not until his third visit to the Exchange that day that Bob found out positively that Putnam was buying M. & O.

As soon as he did he decided that he would risk a deal in the same stock. On his way home that afternoon he visited the little bank and left an order for the purchase of fifty shares, at the ruling price, 82. Next morning when he met Ed Dooley he told him what he had heard about the prospective rise in M. & O.

"I think it's safe enough for you to tackle it, Ed, if you're looking for another chance to capture a few dollars. At any rate, I've put all my coin up on it."

"How many shares did you buy?"

"Fifty."

"If you're willing to risk it I guess I can af-

ford to, also. I can put up margin on thirty shares, and I'll do it as soon as I get the chance."

That evening Archer called at Bob's house, according to an arrangement they had made on Saturday to attend a show downtown. After they came out of the theater Archer invited Bob to partake of a light supper at an oyster chop-house. It was half-past eleven when they left the restaurant, and while waiting for a car Bob was thrown into some little excitement by the approach of a man who much resembled his boss, Mr. Tucker. When the man got close to them Bob was satisfied it was the broker.

"That's my missing employer," he said to Archer.

"The dickens it is," replied Archer, in some surprise.

"I'm going to follow him and see where he goes so as to put his nephew on his track."

"I'll go along with you, if you wish."

"I'd be glad to have you."

A car coming along, Mr. Tucker signalled it and got aboard. Bob and Archer followed.

"He doesn't look like a man who is off his balance," said the latter, after looking at the broker attentively.

"Well, if he was all right he'd come back to his business, wouldn't he?"

"I should think he would."

"He's got a new suit of clothes on, and doesn't seem to want for money. I'd like to know what he's doing. It's funny the Jersey City police haven't recognized him on the street if he walks around like this. His nephew offered \$1,000 to the authorities of this city if they found him. That reward ought to keep the detectives and patrolmen on the alert."

When the car reached the neighborhood of the Hackensack River Mr. Tucker got off and started down a lonesome street. Bob and Archer followed him. The broker, never looking back, and plodding ahead at a steady pace, led the young chaps from one street to another till the houses grew few and far between.

"I wonder where he's bound for?" said Bob. "This is a pretty lonesome spot out here along the river."

It was not a very bright night, and they had to keep within a short distance of the broker so as to make sure of not losing him in the darkness. At length they saw an old three-story building looming up ahead. The roadway was not lighted and was in bad condition. The building in question was right on the river bank, and a part of it was supported by heavy beams, the outer ends of which rested on piles, as if the earth had been washed away from under it by the ceaseless flow of the river. Mr. Tucker went straight to the door of the house and let himself in with a key. Bob and Archer came to a stop when the door banged shut after the broker.

"This must be where he is stopping," said Bob. "He's as crazy as a loon to live in such a place as this. I'll have to bring Mr. Forrest Tucker out here myself, for I don't believe I could direct him to it."

At that moment a light flashed up in the part of the house that hung over the river.

"I should like to get out there and see what the old man is doing," continued Bob.



"You can do that by crawling along one of those beams underneath the house, and then climbing up on the string piece under the window."

"I'll do it. Want to follow me?"

"What's the use? I'll sit here on this old barrel till you get back."

So Bob went forward and was soon crawling along the beam above the water. Suddenly he heard the sound of oars on the river. A boat was pulling close up along the shore. As it approached he heard the voices of two or three men in it. He decided to roost where he was till it passed the house.

In a few minutes the boat came up, but instead of going by it was pulled in toward the house, much to Bob's surprise, and the man in the bow made the painter fast to a spile.

The young messenger was not certain how many men were in the boat, owing to the darkness of the night, but he was sure there were at least three. One of the men clambered up on the end of the stringpiece, and presently Bob heard heavy steps over his head, as if he had entered the building.

In the meanwhile, the boat was worked broadside on against the spiles and the stern made fast, thus holding it steady in that position. Bob could now make out that two men remained in the boat. Presently, from their actions, he judged they were passing a number of packages up and vanished, while the other cast the craft finished, one of the two men in the boat climbed up and vanished, while the other cast the craft loose and shoved it under the house and beneath where Bob was crouching.

Tying the bow-line once more, he, too, followed his companions into the house.

## CHAPTER IX.—Bob Makes a Surprising Discovery.

"I wonder what all this means?" Bob asked himself. "Looks to me as if this building is the rendezvous of a gang of thieves. If this is so, how comes it that Mr. Tucker is on the premises? Ever since he disappeared from the office his actions have been most unaccountable. If he's off his perch there seems to be some method in his madness. No one to look at him on the street would take him for a crazy man, and yet what else can he be to desert his business, where he was making money, and leave his comfortable apartments for lodging-houses and such a dwelling as this old deserted building? I consider his case a most singular one."

The coming of the three men complicated the situation, and Bob hesitated whether to investigate matters further. His curiosity concerning the character of the newcomers overcame his prudence, and he decided to climb up and see what he could discover by looking through the window. Being strong and active, he soon secured a foothold on the side stringer, and, standing upon it, he found that he could easily look in through the window where the light still burned.

He gazed upon a large square room fitted up with a stove, a dresser, several plain chairs and an ordinary deal table. There were pots and pans hanging near the stove, and crockery and glass-

ware on the shelves of the dresser, all of which went to show that the house was occupied, and not a tenantless one as he had supposed when he saw the broker enter it. Bundles of various sizes, done up in cloths, lay on the floor, and gathered around the table were the three men who had just arrived, while, to his astonishment, Mr. Tucker was waiting on them like a servant, laying before them a big black bottle and a tumbler apiece, together with a plate of bread, another of cold sliced meat, and a small dish with butter.

A knife, fork and a plate lay before each of the men, and, after filling their glasses from the bottle, they began to eat with great gusto.

Bob at first had eyes only for his employer, whose actions as a menial he marvelled at greatly, but presently he looked more closely at the three men. Then, to his surprise, he noted the fact that the brawny man he and Archer had encountered on the night of the fire was one of them. As his opinion of the brawny man was not very exalted, he judged that the other two were about on the same par, and this opinion was confirmed by their hard and repellent countenances.

"Well, wonders will never cease when it comes to a respectable Wall Street broker acting the part of a waiter to a bunch of crooks, for that is what I size those rascals up to be," muttered Bob, as he gazed through the window. "If he were a prisoner and afraid of his life, perhaps there might be some excuse for it, but it is clear that Mr. Tucker is not a prisoner but a free agent who comes here voluntarily, as Archer and I have good reason to know since we have followed him here."

The three men ate as if they were hungry, and they appeared to be in excellent humor, for they laughed boisterously as they got away with the food and polished off the liquor, which was certainly not a temperance drink. At length they finished their meal, and producing pipes and tobacco started in to smoke, while Mr. Tucker cleared away the dishes and began washing them at the sink as if he was used to that kind of business. As soon as the table was clear of everything but the bottles and glasses the brawny man reached for the nearest bundle, yanked it on the table, and proceeded to undo the knots and open the covering. Bob was curious to learn what was in the bundle and looked expectantly. The contents proved to be a collection of small bits of bric-a-brac, apparently of some value. Each of these was examined by the men in turn, and its worth commented on, though Bob could only hear a word distinctly now and then. A valise was brought forward, the bric-a-brac swept into it, and then the second bundle was undone, displaying an assortment of jewelry.

"They're thieves, beyond a doubt," breathed Bob, "and have been robbing some house."

The jewelry went the round of the three, was put into a bag and the bag deposited in the valise. Then came bundle Number Three. It held several gold watches, more jewelry, an expensive opera glass, several silver toilet articles that had evidently belonged to a lady, and a number of other articles of value. The fourth bundle contained more silver articles of beautiful design. The fifth bundle was the largest, and when it was opened a collection of silver service was revealed. This collection was put into a second valise, and



the total value of the swag having been roughly figured out, the men lit their pipes anew and resumed the drinking, which they had neglected while examining the plunder. It was at this stage of the proceedings that the brawny man, happening to cast his eyes at the window, saw the outline of Bob's face pressed against the glass.

With an imprecation he started up and called the attention of his associates to the fact that they had a spy upon their movements. The others sprang up and looked at the window in some alarm. They saw nothing, because Bob, realizing that he had been detected, had dropped out of sight, and was hurrying to withdraw from his ticklish position.

"It's a boy," cried the brawny man, with another expletive that sounded quite natural on his lips. "We must catch him or there's no sayin' what'll happen. You, Bill, jump down under the house and follow him. Me and Bowers'll head him off in front before he can reach the bank."

Pushing Bowers ahead of him through a door, the two rascals rushed to the front door, opened it and got outside in time to lit in wait for the retreating Bob. The young messenger heard Bill coming out the back way and lost no time in getting down on the nearest beam and crawling to the bank. Rising to his feet he started to run.

"Not so fast, young feller," cried the brawny man, reaching for his coat collar and dragging him back. "We can't part company with you so abruptly. Come into the house till we have a talk with you."

He half pushed and half dragged Bob with him, Bowers following behind, and the banging of the hall door fell on the boy's ears like the knell of fate, for he was in the power of the last man in the world he wished to come across after what had happened on the night of the fire. In a few moments he was standing in the kitchen and the brawny man was looking at him in the lamplight.

"So it's you," he said, with an imprecation and a grin of satisfaction. "This is luck. You and your friend gave me the slip somehow the other night—hanged if I can see how you done it—and I had my doubts about meetin' you again; but the Old One is good to his friends, and he has brought you here. Me and you'll have an accountin' by and by, but just at present I'd like to know what brought you spyin' around these diggin's."

"I didn't come here expecting to meet you, at any rate," replied Bob, pluckily.

"I reckon not," replied the brawny man, dryly.

"I came here to locate my employer, Mr. Tucker," continued Bob.

"D'ye mean the old man?" asked the crook in some surprise.

"I do," replied Bob, looking around the room for his boss, but the broker had disappeared.

"I reckon that's a lie you're gettin' off, for the old man isn't in business, consequently you couldn't work for him."

"Yes he is in business, but he's gone off his base somehow and doesn't seem to remember what ought to concern him."

The brawny man pricked up his ears and looked interested.

"What business do you say he's in?" he asked, curiously.

Bob noticed his change of manner and sudden curiosity, and concluded that he wouldn't give out any information, so he remained silent.

"Why don't you answer?" cried his questioner, impatiently.

"Because I don't choose to."

"Oh, you don't?" gritted the brawny man.

He put his hand into his hip pocket and drew out a revolver, which he cocked.

"I'm not takin' any foolin' from you, young feller. I want an answer," he said, threateningly. "If you don't speak mighty quick somethin' might happen to you rather sudden, and when your body is picked up out of the river the coroner will have a job on his hands, and the newspapers a new mystery to worry about."

The rascal looked as if he meant what he said, and Bob, in spite of his natural courage, felt that he couldn't afford to take any chances with the man, who had it in for him anyway.

"Now, are you goin' to answer my question?" said the brawny man again.

"I s'pose I'll have to. Mr. Tucker is a broker."

"A broker! What kind of a broker?"

"A stockbroker."

"Look here, young feller, what are you givin' me?"

"You have forced me to answer your question and I have done so."

"Bill, go and hunt Tucker up. He's somewhere about the house, and fetch him here."

In a few minutes the man Bill appeared with Mr. Tucker.

"Do you know this boy?" the brawny man asked the Wall Street man.

"You know I'm your messenger, Mr. Tucker," said Bob.

The trader looked at him in a puzzled way.

"I think I've seen him before, but I can't remember where," he said.

"Are you a stockbroker?" asked the brawny man.

Again the puzzled expression came over Mr. Tucker's face.

"The word sounds familiar to me. Seems to me I had something to do with stockbroking."

"Can't you remember that you have an office in Wall Street?" asked Bob.

"Wall Street! Why, yes, yes I have——," began Mr. Tucker, with a peculiar eagerness, but he suddenly stopped, his countenance assumed a blank, indifferent look, and he turned away.

"His brain is turned," said Bob. "He got a blow on his head a short time ago, and he hasn't been near his office nor his home since but has been wandering around Jersey City, as far as I can make out. I saw him on the street tonight, and followed him to find out where he was going and he led me to this house. That is how I came to be here."

Bob felt that the situation demanded this explanation and he gave it. The brawny man listened to him, and the boy's manner, in connection with the peculiar replies of Mr. Tucker, convinced him that Bob spoke the truth.

"So you work in Wall Street, eh?" he said, returning the revolver to his pocket.

"I do."

"What were you doin' in —— Street the night you and your friend set that house afire by knockin' the lamp out of Mother Mobb's hand?"



Bob explained the whole occurrence — telling how his companion had gone into the saloon to see a deckhand connected with his steamer; how he had been attacked by the toughs; how he had taken Archer's part against the toughs, and all that followed.

"So that's the way it was?" replied the brawny man. "You seem to be a fighter. I heard that one of you chaps put up a big front, and that was you, eh? Well, I rather fancy game roosters so we'll call that old score of ours quits," regarding Bob with a somewhat favorable eye. "Now tell me how came you to be peekin' in at that window, and how long were you there?"

"After Mr. Tucker entered this house I saw a light appear at the window of this room, and guessing he had lit a lamp, I crawled out to see if I was right. I wanted to try and have a talk with him."

"Why didn't you stop him on the road somewhere and talk with him?"

"I didn't think it would do any good, and I wanted to see where he was going."

"You looked in the window, and while you were lookin' you saw us come here in a boat."

"I was underneath the house when you and your friends came in the boat."

"Oh, you were, eh? And after we came in the house, and were havin' our supper, you crawled up and looked in at us?"

Bob had to admit that such was the case.

"You saw what was in them bundles, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And what's your opinion about 'em?"

Bob remained silent, but his manner showed the brawny man what the boy's impressions were on the subject.

"I reckon I know what your idea is," he said. "If we was to let you go the first thing you'd do would be to go to the nearest station house and tell what you had seen. Isn't that a fact?"

"I won't deny it," replied Bob, resolutely.

A black look came over the brawny man's face.

"Under them circumstances," he said, slowly, "it stands to reason that we can't let you go. You've butted into our business and you've got to take the consequences."

"You mean you intend to keep me a prisoner?"

"We do—until further notice."

"That's rough on me."

"If you hadn't butted in here you wouldn't have got into trouble."

"But I didn't suppose you people were coming here."

"That ain't the question. No matter what you came here for you've spotted us, and it wouldn't be healthy for us to let you get away. See the point?"

Bob saw it. He also saw something else, and that was the outline of a face on the outside of the window. He guessed the face belonged to Archer, who had got tired of waiting for him and had come to see what had become of him.

## CHAPTER X.—Out of Trouble.

Although Bob didn't know for sure that the face at the window was Archer's he took it for granted that it was, and the presence of his

friend as an eye-witness of the proceedings raised his spirits. Bob reasoned that as soon as his friend became convinced that he was in the hands of enemies, a fact he might readily surmise on recognizing the brawny man, he would hasten to the nearest telephone booth and communicate with the police.

"Bill," said the brawny man, "get a piece of line and tie this chap to one of them chairs for the present till we see how we are goin' to dispose of him."

The man addressed as Bill got a bit of clothesline from the closet in the room. He and Bowers seized Bob, pushed him into a chair, and proceeded to secure him to it. The brawny man looked on. Mr. Tucker had left the room during the conversation between Bob and the head crook, and therefore was not a witness of the scene. At that moment there was a sudden crash of glass, the splinters falling into the room, and the startled crooks, looking at the window, saw the face of a boy outside of the broken window. Bob now had a clear view of the face and saw that it was Archer's. The steamboat clerk had not intentionally broken the window. The fact was that the putty, through age, had crumbled away from the greater part of the pane, and the glass itself having a flaw in it, it yielded unexpectedly under the pressure of his hand. The brawny man recovered from the shock at once and uttered one of his choice assortment of expressions, which were more forcible than polite.

"Another spy, eh? Come on, Bowers, and help me nab him."

The two started through the doorway for the front of the house, expecting to capture Archer in the same way they had Bob, leaving Bill to finish the job of binding their prisoner. Archer, however, did not beat a hasty retreat in the direction they expected he would. He knew that his young companion was in a tight box, and he did not mean to desert him. He saw that there was a door at the back of the room, overlooking the river. If it wasn't locked he intended to enter the room that way, attack the man who was binding Bob and try to knock him out, then release his friend, and, knowing how skilful the young messenger was with his fists, he figured that they might be able to handle the other two rascals when they came back after their fruitless pursuit of himself. He lost not a moment in carrying out this plan, and, to his satisfaction, found that the door was not locked. Rushing in, he struck Bill, who was not looking for an attack in that direction, a tremendous blow behind the ear and stretched him half stunned on the floor.

"Good for you, Jack," said Bob, enthusiastically.

"Now cut me loose."

"That's what I intend to do."

He drew out his jackknife and rapidly severed the clothesline. Bob then sprang from the chair a free boy.

"Those two rascals went out in front to head you off," he said to Archer. "That's the way they nabbed me. I wasn't looking for them to come at me that way and so they captured me in short order and dragged me into the house."

"How can we get away before they get back?" asked Archer.

"Easily. There is a rowboat under this room.



"We'll get down into it and row out on the river. They won't be able to follow us, so we'll be able to make our escape in the dark."

"That will be just the thing. Come on, we haven't any time to lose."

Archer made a break for the door through which he had entered. As Bob was about to follow his eyes lighted on the two valises containing the stolen goods.

"Hold on a moment, Jack," he said. "Grab that valise near you and take it with you."

Archer, believing that his companion had some good reason for taking the valise, complied. As Bob rushed for the other valise he noticed that the key stood in the lock of the entry door through which the brawny man and Bowers had gone. To place a barrier in the way of their return to the room he shut the door and turned the key.

"They can't force that door before we get away," muttered Bob, with great satisfaction, grabbing up the valise.

Then he saw that Bill was coming to. Fearing that he might recover in time to interfere with their retreat by the boat, he opened the entry door again, dragged Bill through, and then re-locked it.

"Now I think our way is clear," he said, re-joining Archer at the rear door. "Wait here till I get the boat," he added to his companion.

Dropping the valise in the doorway he let himself down under the house, unloosened the boat's painter, and pulled it out clear of the spiles where he tied it temporarily.

"Hand me down the two valises," he said, and Archer passed them to him. "Now get in yourself."

As Archer was about to do so around the corner of the building, walking on the stringpiece, came the brawny man. He and Bowers having failed to catch Archer as they expected, and getting impatient over his non-appearance, the chief crook had crawled under the building and then on to the stringpiece to reconnoiter, thinking his prey might be hiding at the back of the room. When he saw what was going on he was rather staggered, and Bob, catching sight of him, yelled to Archer to jump quick.

"Grab an oar and pull like fun," cried Bob, pushing the boat off into the river.

Followed by the brawny man's imprecations and threats they pulled away into the darkness.

"Which way shall we pull?"

"I don't know that there is any choice. I'm not familiar with this neighborhood," replied Bob.

"The best way will be to pull up to the trolley bridge. There we can shake the boat and take a car."

"Your idea is a good one. You'd better come home with me. Your folks won't be worried if you don't show up, I guess, as they're used to your being away," said Bob.

"Oh, they don't expect me to go home to-night, for I have to be at the steamer early in the morning. I told them last night that I was going to a show with you and that I wouldn't come home after I got through work, so they won't expect to see me till to-morrow night. I was going to sleep on the steamer to-night, but as it's so

late now I'll accept your invitation, but I've got to get away by six in the morning."

"I'll see that you do," replied Bob.

Accordingly, they headed the boat up the river for the street car bridge.

"Say, what's in these valises?" asked Archer, curiously.

"Stolen property," replied Bob.

"Stolen property!" exclaimed the steamboat clerk.

"Yes. Those three rascals are crooks, as I hardly need tell you, and they've robbed some house of a lot of valuable stuff. I saw them going over it. I'll bet it's worth several thousand dollars. I'm going to turn the valises over to the police first thing in the morning and tell them my story. I suppose I ought to do it to-night in order to give the detectives a chance to capture the fellows; but, still, I don't think it would be of any use, as those chaps are bound to light out at once now that I have escaped, for they know I will lose very little time in putting the officers on their track."

Bob then told Archer all that had happened to him since they parted company at the time that Mr. Tucker entered the building. It was quite a row to the railroad bridge, but they got there at last, and just in time to catch a car going in the direction they wanted to take.

## CHAPTER XI.—Bob Gets a Reward.

Archer awoke on the stroke of six and he aroused Bob. They hurriedly dressed themselves, as the steamboat clerk had no time to lose, for he had to be at the steamer on South Street, New York, at seven, and he wanted to get some breakfast before he started in to work. Bob was not in such a hurry, though he wanted to leave the house much earlier than he was accustomed to. He left the house at half-past seven, with the two valises, intending to go to police headquarters. He bought a Jersey City paper just before he took the car and looked it over to see if there was any account of a robbery having been committed the night before. On the first page he saw the story detailing how the residence of a certain traction magnate had been burglarized of jewelry, silverware, and valuable ornaments to the value of nearly \$10,000.

"I'll bet that's the house that was robbed of the stuff in these valises," thought Bob. "I've a great mind to go there instead of to the police."

After a few moments' reflection he decided that headquarters would be the proper place for him to go. In fact, he had to go there anyway to put the officers on the track of Mr. Tucker. Bob reached the office a bit late that morning, but he had a good excuse. Forrest Tucker had just come in, and to him Bob immediately related his story.

"You seem to have an astonishing knack of coming across my uncle," said the broker's nephew. "You appear to be the only one interested in his movements who has met him since he disappeared from Wall Street."

"I guess that's right."

"If the police find him in that house I shall insist that you are entitled to half of the reward I offered, for you have put the police on his track. You ought to be rewarded for recovering that



stolen loot. If it's worth \$10,000, as you say the paper states, I should think the least the owner ought to give you is \$500."

Later on Forrest Tucker telephoned the Jersey City police to find out if his uncle had been found at the house by the river. He received word that when the detectives reached the place they found nobody there. A detective had remained in the neighborhood, however, to spot any one seen entering the building, and to take him into custody. Next morning, when Bob reached the office he found a letter in the first mail addressed to himself, and bearing the imprint of the office of the United Traction Company. Opening it, he found it contained a request from the president of the Company to visit him at his office on lower Broadway. He showed the letter to Forrest Tucker, and asked permission to call on the writer, whose name was Stanley Barrows.

"All right," replied Mr. Tucker's nephew. "Telephone his office about eleven and find out when it will be convenient for him to see you."

Bob learned that Mr. Barrows would expect to see him at noon. At that hour Bob called on him and was admitted to his private room.

"Sit down," said the magnate. "I learned through the police that I am indebted to you for the recovery of the property stolen from my house the night before last, and I assure you that I am under great obligations to you for getting it back for me. I find that there is not a single article missing. Now, I shall be glad to have you tell me how you came to get it away from the thieves."

"Very well, sir, I will do so," replied Bob, who then gave him all the details of his night's adventure from the moment he started with Archer to follow his employer to the time he and his companion made their escape from the house in the boat.

Mr. Barrows listened with great interest.

"Well, the value of the stolen property is \$9,000. Its recovery by you is certainly worth a substantial reward, so I shall take great pleasure in handing you my check for \$1,000 as an evidence of my appreciation of your services."

Bob accepted the check with thanks. During the next week Forrest Tucker made energetic efforts to find his uncle, but the detectives could discover no trace of him. Neither could they find the three crooks who had robbed the house of the traction magnate. During that time M. & O. began to go up. When it got up to 86 Bob bought 100 more shares on margin with his check. On Tuesday of the following week it opened at 92, and about noon it started to boom like a house afire, reaching par before three o'clock. Bob was afraid to hold on any longer, so, finding the opportunity, he rushed around to the little bank and ordered his shares sold. They went at 100 1-4, and he realized a profit of \$900 on his fifty shares and \$1,400 on his 100 shares, making him worth altogether \$3,800. He had not told his mother or his eldest sister, in whom he generally confided, anything about his transactions in the market, so they had no idea that he was worth any more than the \$1,000 he had received from the traction magnate, and which they supposed he had put in a savings bank. That evening at supper he astonished the family by declaring how much he really was worth.

"My, but you're rich, brother Bob," said his sister. "Perhaps I could borrow ten dollars from you to buy a new dress that I need badly."

"You can't borrow a cent from me; but I'll make you a present of fifty," and Bob tossed her a bill. "Here is \$100 for you, mother. Now the bank is closed so let's talk about something else."

## CHAPTER XII.—The Mad Broker's Scheme.

Several weeks passed away and things went on as usual at the office. Nothing was heard of Mr. Tucker, nor were the three crooks captured. Bob and Jack Archer came together whenever the steamboat clerk was in port, and the former became a frequent visitor at the Archer home—a fact largely due to the attraction of Jack's sister, Edna, with whom Bob had got on very friendly terms. It was about this time that Bob learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner L. & N. shares, and he thought so well of the tip that he bought 350 shares of the stock at the ruling price of 90. The day after he went into this deal the whole office was amazed to see Mr. Tucker walk into the place at his usual hour, and go into his private room. The news flew through the counting-room, and the clerks left their desks and began asking Bob how the old man looked and acted.

"Just as he always did before he went away," replied Bob.

"Then he's recovered his balance," said one of the bookkeepers.

"I hope he has," replied the young messenger, "but I can tell you better after I've spoken to him."

At that moment Mr. Tucker's bell rang.

"That's for me. Now I'll see if he's all right again," said Bob.

He walked into the private room. He found his boss seated at his desk, looking over his mail. He glared at Bob when he entered, and the boy didn't like the look in his eye.

"Who's been at my desk?" he roared.

"Your nephew has been using your desk since you've been away, sir," replied Bob respectfully, while he watched the broker closely.

"While I've been what?"

"Away."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, you haven't been at the office for nearly two months."

Mr. Tucker looked at him like a tiger about to spring on its prey.

"How dare you say such a thing when I left here yesterday afternoon at my usual hour? So my nephew used my desk after I left, did he? Send him in here."

"He hasn't got down yet, sir."

The broker looked at the little clock that stood on the top of his desk and noted the time, which was twenty minutes of ten.

"Oh, he hasn't, eh? Well, send him in when he comes. Now go out and tell Miss Hope I want her to take dictation. How dare you stand there and look at me? Get out or I'll——"

Bob got out as fast as he could.

"Geel! He's worse than he ever was. And he



doesn't remember that he's been away for two months. Thinks he went home yesterday afternoon as usual. He's either got a new kink on, or——. Hello, Mr. Forrest," seeing the broker's nephew walk in. "Do you know that your uncle has got back?"

"Got back!" cried Forrest Tucker in surprise. "How did you find that out?"

"Then you haven't seen him?"

"No. Have you met him again?"

"He's in his office now."

"What!" gasped the young man. "In his office?"

"Yes, and he's asked me to send you in when you came."

"Is he all right again?" asked Forrest Tucker, anxiously.

"I couldn't tell you. He looks as mad as a March hare to me. At any rate he's lost all recollection of his absence from the office. Thinks he went home from here yesterday afternoon. He wanted to know who had been at his desk, and when I told him you had he wanted to see you right away. He may be all right, except for lapse of memory, but I have my doubts. You'd better handle him with gloves or he might jump on your neck like he did on mine."

Bob continued on into the counting-room to tell the stenographer that Mr. Tucker wanted her to take dictation, while Forrest Tucker entered the private room. When Bob returned to his chair in the waiting-room he heard Mr. Tucker's voice raised to a loud key. He seemed to be jawing his nephew at a great rate. Presently Forrest Tucker came out with a frown on his face. He went to his desk and soon after started for the Exchange. Miss Hope went into the private room with her note book. Before he could learn how she fared Bob was despatched on an errand. He met Ed Dooley at the messengers' rail in the Exchange.

"Say, Ed, Mr. Tucker is back."

"You don't say. Who brought him back—the detectives?"

"No; he came back of his own accord. He astonished us all by walking into the office this morning at his usual time."

"Then he's all right again?"

"I wouldn't swear that he is."

"You have doubts on the subject, eh? Does he act queer?"

"Well, his memory is a bit off, and I don't like the look in his eye. It doesn't seem natural. He ought to be examined by a doctor; but whether he'll submit to an examination is another thing."

"I don't envy you. I wouldn't want to work for a man whose sanity I had any doubts about. He might break out some time unexpectedly and make things hum."

"It's up to his nephew to look out for him. By the way, if you want to make another haul in the market buy L. & N. for a boom."

"Got hold of a tip on it?"

"I have, and I've put up nearly every cent I own on it."

Bob then gave Ed the particulars of the pointer he had picked up, and his friend went away fully resolved to buy the stock himself. Several days elapsed, and Mr. Tucker came to the office and attended to business just the same as he always

did, but everybody noticed a difference in him. It was apparent that he did not recollect anything from the moment the assault was made on him by Mrs. Glenn till he turned up after his absence of two months. When his nephew tried to explain a lot of things that had happened while the broker was away, Mr. Tucker, instead of listening to him with surprise, got furiously angry and practically drove him out of his room. As Forrest had quite a sum of money in the bank in his own name belonging to his uncle he found the matter of returning it a somewhat delicate one. Finally he fixed it by paying what he owed on the securities and returning them to the safe deposit vaults, and turning the balance over to the cashier, with instructions to deposit it in Mr. Tucker's regular bank account. As for Bob, he found his boss more grouchy with him than ever. Mr. Tucker seemed to have an idea that everything Bob did was wrong and berated him in consequence. This sorely tried the boy's patience, but he tried to be as patient as he could, for he was sure his employer wasn't right in his upper story. He took satisfaction out of the rise of L. & N., which went up slowly, a little bit every day. One morning a broker called on Mr. Tucker on business. As he was about to leave the old man asked him if he wanted to go into a scheme to make a million.

"Make a million!" exclaimed the surprised visitor.

"Exactly," replied Mr. Tucker, rubbing his hands together in a self-satisfied way. "I've got the greatest scheme in the world."

"Well, I wouldn't object to make a million, but I don't see how I can take a hand in a deal of that sort as I haven't capital enough in the first place to embark in any large enterprise. You must be well fixed to talk about schemes involving a million dollars profit."

"I am. I've got more money than I know what to do with; but I intend to make a lot more. I'm going to make a hundred million before the year is out."

The visitor looked hard at Mr. Tucker.

Had he known the truth about the old broker he would have said he was crazy.

As it was, he thought Mr. Tucker was joking, though the old man had never been in the habit of getting off jokes.

"Do you want to know what my scheme is?" continued Tucker.

"I wouldn't mind," replied the caller, now satisfied that the old man was up to some kind of chaff, for one trader doesn't give any scheme of importance away to another in such an off-hand way.

"I'm going to corner the stock of all the railroads in the country," replied Mr. Tucker, with the air of a man who meant business.

"Oh, you are?" laughed the visitor. "That's quite a simple matter, I should think. It only requires a few billion dollars to do it."

"I'm going to begin by cornering one at a time."

"Yes, I'd begin easy if I were you, for fear of upsetting the market," chuckled the visitor.

"I expect to make a million on that. I'll let you in with me for \$100,000, and give you half of the profits."

"Thanks. I'll consider it."



"All right. Let me know in a few days, and don't breathe a word about the scheme to any one, for if the Street learned what I was about to do the brokers would buy up all the stock, and then we'd have to pay a big price for it or give up the idea until a future time."

"Oh, I won't say a word," said the caller, rising.

"That's right. Don't. Come in to-morrow with a certified check for \$100,000 and we'll get right down to business."

Mr. Tucker, whose proposition showed that if he wasn't actually mad he was next door to it, turned to his desk, while his visitor took his leave.

### CHAPTER XIII.—Bob in Great Peril.

The broker to whom Mr. Tucker had unfolded his crazy scheme took the matter as a joke, naturally, and thought nothing more about it.

That day L. & N. went up two points more, reaching 95, and Bob rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

A few days afterward it reached par and the traders on the floor of the boardroom began to take notice of it and buy on the chance of it going up higher.

A rise of ten points to Bob meant that his profit equalled his investment and that if he sold out then he would be worth \$7,000.

But he had no intention of selling out then, for he believed it would go up five or ten points more.

"Things are coming our way, Ed," he said when he met Ed at the Exchange that day.

"That's what they are. I bought fifty shares and I'm \$500 ahead at this stage of the game," replied Ed.

"I figure on it going from five to ten points higher."

"It ought to go ten at least, for the boom has hardly commenced."

"Well, I'm not going to take too great a risk, boom or no boom. A bird in the hand is worth several in the bush."

Next morning about eleven Mr. Tucker rang for Bob.

"Take this note over to Forrest," he said.

"Yes, sir" replied the young messenger.

When he reached the Exchange there was a crowd of excited traders around the L. & N. pole, and the stock was going up like wildfire. It was already at 104.

Bob was tickled to death, for the rise of another point would make his profit on an immediate sale \$5,000.

Forrest Tucker came to the rail and took the note he brought.

Tearing the envelope open he read the contents with a gasp.

He recognized his uncle's handwriting or he would have thought somebody was playing a joke on him.

The note read as follows:

Forrest—Buy every share of Erie you can get hold of. I'm going to corner the stock and make a million. Next week I'm going to buy out the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the week after the Baltimore & Ohio. That will give me a profit of ten

million. By the end of the year I shall own all the railroads in the country. Then I'll be the richest man in the world.

Moses Tucker.

"Did my uncle send you over with this note?" asked Forrest Tucker.

"Yes."

"Then he's as mad as a March hare."

"Has he made some bad break?" asked Bob, curiously.

"Has he? Read that?" and the young man handed him the note.

Bob glanced over the note and whistled.

"He's mad, sure enough. Better have him examined by some hospital doctors."

"He don't need to be examined. He's dead crazy beyond a doubt. I must have him taken to a sanitarium."

"He ought to have been sent to one the day he turned up. I was suspicious of him from the moment he first looked at me that morning."

"Well, go back to the office and say nothing about this." So Bob went back, his thoughts divided between his mad boss and his rising stock.

At two o'clock L. & N. was going at 112, and Bob told the cashier he wanted to go out a few minutes on private business.

Receiving permission to do so he ran around to the little bank and ordered his shares sold.

His stock was sold for a fraction over 112 and he cleared a profit of \$7,700.

This made him worth something over \$11,000.

Mr. Tucker was in the habit of leaving his office at a quarter past three.

When Bob returned from the bank after depositing the day's receipts he saw a closed carriage draw up before the door of the office building and Forrest Tucker alight from it.

The young man stood a moment or two talking to some body who was inside the carriage and then entered the building.

"I'll bet they're going to carry Mr. Tucker to some sanitarium," thought Bob. "I wonder if the boss will go quietly or whether he'll make a fight against it? I am rather doubtful on the subject."

Bob took an elevator and soon reached the office.

He found Forrest talking with the cashier.

"Come here, Bob," he said. "I've made arrangements to put Mr. Tucker in the Crandall Sanitarium in New Jersey. The carriage that is to take him is waiting in front of the door. There's a doctor in it who is going to size up the old gentleman on the ride out. I shall go along and I want you to accompany us on the box with the driver so as to be on hand in case of necessity, and also because your evidence will be required when we reach the sanitarium."

Forrest Tucker then went in to see his uncle and pave the way to getting him away from Wall Street with little trouble.

He had a story cut and dried to tell him about a man who was a many times millionaire, who was interested in the same kind of scheme as Mr. Tucker was to corner all the railroad stock of the country, boom it and make a billion dollar profit.

Mr. Tucker listened to his nephew with great apparent interest.

Yes, he'd like to make the acquaintance of the millionaire very much indeed.



Nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to talk the matter over with him, and join him in the enterprise.

"The gentleman said he'd call here at a quarter past three in his private carriage and take you home to dine," said Forrest, congratulating himself that his uncle was willing to walk into the trap he had prepared for him. "It's nearly that now so I'll send Bob down, if you say so, to see if he is there."

"Do so, by all means, nephew," replied Mr. Tucker, with a strange gleam in his eyes. "Send Bob down to see if he's come, and if he has invite him up."

Forrest went outside, gave Bob some instructions and the boy went into the corridor and stood by the elevator long enough to cover the time he would have taken to go to the sidewalk, talk to the imaginary millionaire and get back.

Then he entered Mr. Tucker's room where Forrest had returned to keep his uncle's attention engaged on the important subject.

"Is the gentleman downstairs, Bob?" asked Forrest.

"Yes, in his carriage."

"You invited him to come up?"

"That is what you directed me to do, but he said he didn't care to as it would lose time. He said he hoped that Mr. Tucker would come right down and go home with him to dinner, as he was very anxious to talk over a certain important matter with him."

"Shall I take you down and introduce you to the gentleman?" asked Forrest.

"Certainly, nephew. I will go with you in a few minutes after I attend to a little matter that has been on my mind for some time. Just go to your desk and wait for me and I will send you word when I'm ready," said the mad broker.

"Very well, uncle," replied Forrest, chuckling over the promise success of his little scheme.

He got up and walked out, and Bob was following him when the broker told him to remain.

Mr. Tucker walked to the door and turned the key in the lock.

"What in creation is he up to now?" thought Bob, a bit apprehensively as he noticed his employer's action.

"I've got a bone to pick with you, young man," said the broker, in an ugly tone. "You've been listening at the keyhole and learning all about my scheme to corner all the railroad stock in the country. You and my nephew have conspired to steal my scheme from me and work it yourselves. You see, I have found you out."

Bob fairly gasped as his boss flung the foregoing at him.

This was a new wrinkle he'd got in his head.

"You want to get me out of the way so you can have a clear field to yourselves, so you've arranged to send me to the Island as a pauper."

"Good lor'!" breathed Bob. "He's dead crazy."

"Thought you were smart, didn't you—you and my nephew. You didn't think I'd suspect anything. But I've been watching you both," with an unpleasant grin. "You don't catch a weasel asleep," chuckling. "I've got eyes at the back of my head and can see both ways at once. There's a carriage downstairs with a millionaire in it waiting to see me. That's what my nephew said, and he sent you down to see if it had arrived. Do

you suppose I don't know what your little game is? That carriage was brought here to take me to the Island. But I'll fool you. I won't go. I won't be locked up in the poorhouse while you and my nephew are making a billion dollars out of my scheme. You couldn't work the scheme anyway. Nobody knows how to do it but me. But you've stolen my idea and so I've got to put you out of the way. I'm going to send you where you won't interfere with me. Where you won't steal any more of my schemes. Come here now and let me cut your ears off first for listening at the keyhole of my door."

As Mr. Tucker spoke he put his hand on the safe and from under a paper drew a bright and shiny new hatchet, the edge of which looked as sharp as a razor.

The sight of it in the hands of the mad broker gave Bob a chill.

He was locked in with the man and had nothing with which to defend himself.

Bob was standing by the open window, for it was a balmy spring morning, with a summer-like warmth in the air, and it wasn't possible for him to reach the door, turn the key and escape before his boss would be able to spring upon him and cut him down.

As he saw Mr. Tucker run his thumb nail along the edge of the hatchet, much the same as a barber does when he is testing the keenness of a razor's edge, his blood ran cold, for the demented man evidently meant business.

To shout for help would be of little avail since no one could come to his rescue in time to save his life.

The only thing he could do was to make a fight and trust to luck.

If he could seize the hand that held the hatchet he felt he could master the old man; but for the first time in his life his nerve seemed to desert him.

Had he been up against a sane man he wouldn't have felt that his chances were so desperate.

He had read about the craftiness of lunatics and was afraid of them.

At that critical moment he thought of the telephone wire that crossed the street and was attached to the outside of the building under the window.

In a moment his resolution was formed.

He sprang on the window sill. Mr. Tucker detected his action at once.

"What are you doing? Come here at once till I cut off your ears," he said.

Bob paid no heed to him, but straddling the window still stepped down on the ledge of the window below.

"Come back! Come back! You shan't escape me!" roared the crazy man, rushing toward the window, hatchet in hand.

Bob grabbed the wire and swung off.

Then he hurriedly worked himself out on the wire, which sagged under his weight, until he had placed himself at least a yard from the window, too far for the old man to reach him.

"Aha! I have you now!" cried the mad broker, glaring down at the boy, as he raised the hatchet to sever the wire. Bob, hanging by the wire in mid-air, felt that his position was one of great peril.



## CHAPTER XIV.—In the Sanitarium and Out.

Wall Street was full of people at that hour of the day, and the spectacle of a boy hanging by a single wire a hundred feet or more above the walk could not fail to attract excited attention.

Pedestrians stopped and looked up at him in wonder, and their curiosity soon changed to a feeling of consternation when they saw the broker at the window with uplifted hatchet in the act of severing the wire.

Bob's fate at that moment hung on a thread.

It happened, however, that he was not to die at that time, although he never would have a closer shave in all his life.

Forrest Tucker had grown impatient over the delay, and came to the door of the private room, intending to enter and expedite matters.

He heard his uncle's excited words, and that showed there was something doing in the room.

He immediately turned the handle and found that it was locked.

Convinced that something unusual was going on in the room, he feared that Bob was in some danger from his crazy relative.

Without a moment's delay he seized a chair and smashed in one of the panels, then reaching in his hand he turned the key and rushed into the room.

He saw his uncle leaning out of the window, and no sign of Bob in the room.

His first impression, as he rushed to the window, was that Mr. Tucker had thrown Bob out, and was looking down at the boy's mangled remains.

Then he caught sight of the uplifted hatchet.

Reaching out, he seized his uncle's wrist just as he was in the act of delivering the blow that would have severed the frail wire.

Pulling his uncle in he tore the hatchet from his hand, and shoved him away.

Then he looked out and saw Bob hanging for dear life to the wire.

"My heavens, Bob!" he exclaimed, aghast at the sight. "Can you get back?"

"Sure I can if you keep your uncle quiet," returned the boy, beginning to work to the building.

As soon as Bob got within reach, Forrest Tucker, after a glance at his uncle, who had collapsed in the corner, reached out and catching Bob by the arm assisted him to get into the room again.

"Gee! That was a close call. Had Mr. Tucker cut that wire as he came within an ace of doing, I'm afraid it would have been all up with me," said the young messenger.

"How did this happen?" asked Forrest, as the cashier and the clerks filled the doorway and looked in with excited countenances.

"I'll tell you later on. You'd better get your uncle downstairs and into the carriage before he recovers and makes more trouble."

Forrest thought Bob's suggestion a good one, and calling on one of the bookkeepers to assist him, they raised the mad broker from the floor and carried him to the elevator, where they took a car down.

Bob put on his hat and coat, took Mr. Tucker's hat and coat, closed down his desk, and followed.

The broker recovered by the time the second

floor was reached and he created a scene as they dragged him out to the carriage and pushed him into it, Forrest following.

Bob handed in the broker's coat and hat and slammed the door to.

Then he mounted to the box beside the driver, who, having received his instructions beforehand, touched up his horses and drove up toward Broadway.

The doctor quieted the broker by pressing a drug to his nostrils, and he was presently unconscious.

Two hours later the coach stopped before the gate of the sanitarium Forrest had selected as the proper place for his uncle to be taken care of and treated for his malady.

Bob told his story of the homicidal turn which Mr. Tucker's mania had taken, and as the mad broker was now regarded as a dangerous subject he was taken to a padded room and confined there.

The doctor signed the necessary papers that made his detention legal, and after the final arrangements had been made, Forrest Tucker and Bob left the sanitarium.

Of course, after what had happened, it was impossible to keep Mr. Tucker's condition a secret any longer, and next day every trader on the Street was talking about the mad broker.

The story appeared in the newspapers in connection with Bob's thrilling escape, and it occasioned much comment.

Forrest Tucker took charge of the office again, and made application to one of the courts for authority to act as his uncle's guardian and have control of all his property.

The mad broker, on recovering from the drug, seemed to accept the situation and made no trouble.

As a consequence, he was removed from the padded room and given a very comfortable one.

He was closely watched, however, for fear he might break out again.

At the end of a couple of weeks he became so much improved in every way that the vigilance of the attaches of the sanitarium was somewhat relaxed.

He was allowed to walk about the garden with the other patients, and also was accorded other favors.

The doctor, who saw him daily, reported to his nephew that he thought Mr. Tucker would recover full possession of his reason in a short time.

The broker seemed to have forgotten all about his scheme to corner the stock of all the railroads in the country, for he never mentioned the matter once.

At length the people of the sanitarium ceased to watch Mr. Tucker, feeling sure that the high wall surrounding the grounds would prevent him from taking French leave if the idea occurred to him to do so.

As events proved, the broker, with the craftiness of the insane, was playing possum all this time and biding his chance.

He took note of everything without seeming to do so.

One afternoon the gate leading out of the grounds was left unlocked and unguarded for a few minutes.

The mad broker saw his chance and availed himself of it.



He passed through the gate, gained the road and walked away before his absence was noticed.

When he was found to be missing men were sent in several directions to find and bring him back.

They failed to overtake him, and Forrest Tucker was immediately notified of his escape.

The letter containing the news reached the office by mail one morning about eleven, and the cashier handed it to Bob and told him to take it over to the Exchange, as it was marked "Important."

When Forrest Tucker read it he uttered an exclamation.

"Mr. Tucker has got away from the sanitarium, Bob" he said.

"Is that really so?" replied the young messenger.

"Unfortunately, it is true. This letter, informing me of the fact, is from the proprietor of the place. He says he has men out looking for him, and hopes to get him back in a short time."

"It's too bad he escaped before his cure was complete," replied Bob. "He may break out again as bad as ever."

"That's what I'm afraid of. However, it's to be hoped that they will catch him right away. They should have watched him closer, but there is no use of crying over spilled milk. He is gone, and it's up to them to recover him."

He dismissed Bob, and the young messenger went back to inform all hands at the office that Mr. Tucker had escaped from the sanitarium.

#### CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

The proprietor of the sanitarium made strenuous efforts to find Mr. Tucker, for he was well paid for his keep, but he failed to discover any trace of the old man, and finally had to give the matter up.

Business continued at the office as usual, and the general idea prevailed among the employees that Forrest Tucker would always be boss of the place.

A month after Mr. Tucker's escape from the sanitarium Bob learned about another corner that was about to be worked by a well-known combine in J. & D.

He lost no time in securing 1,000 shares of the stock at the rock-bottom price of 84.

Next day was Saturday, and after the office closed at half-past twelve, Bob went down to the New York and Virginia Navigation Company's dock to see Jack Archer. Jack was pretty busy that afternoon so they arranged to meet after dinner next day at Archer's house and take a trolley ride.

Bob appeared promptly on time and then he and Jack boarded a car bound for the town of M——, where one of the officers of the steamer lived.

They had gone half way when the car was signalled by a man at a crossing.

As he stepped aboard Bob got a good view of his face.

It was the countenance of Mr. Tucker. Bob was naturally surprised, and clutching Archer by the arm he told him that his boss, who had escaped from the sanitarium a month since, had just boarded the car they were on.

"What are you going to do?" asked Archer.

"I don't know. I s'pose it's my duty to follow him and see where he is going and then notify the sanitarium people by telegraph."

"Yes, I guess that's the only thing you can do. I'll accompany you."

Mr. Tucker rode for perhaps a mile and then alighted from the car.

Bob and Jack got off at the same time.

They were in the suburbs of the small town of B——, and there were not many people about.

Mr. Tucker walked up a wide shaded street and Bob and Archer followed on the opposite side of the way.

The mad broker led them quite a walk and at last turned up a lane off the public road.

This lane led to a small occupied cottage.

Mr. Tucker walked into the house as if he lived there. "I guess we've run him to his destination," said Archer. "What next? Going to make a note of the place and send word to the owner of the sanitarium?"

"I'd like to make sure that he is living here," replied Bob.

"If you make inquiries at the cottage he is likely to see you, take alarm and skip out."

"That's true enough, but I don't know where else I can inquire about him."

"Well, suppose we go to the back door, then he's not so likely to see us."

"All right," replied Bob, so they walked up the lane, turned into the yard, and approached the back door.

Bob knocked and a bony, hard-featured woman came to the door.

"Is there a gentleman by the name of Tucker living here?" he asked.

"I have a lodger by that name. He has just come in and gone to his room. Do you want to see him?"

"How long has he been living with you, ma'am?"

"About a month."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"What do you mean?" asked the woman, sharply.

"I mean, did you ask for any references from him when he came here?"

"I did not. My husband, brought him here and that's enough for me."

"Is your husband around now?"

"Yes."

"Can I see him a moment?"

"He's in the sittin'-room readin' the papers. I guess you can see him. Come with me."

Bob entered the kitchen and motioned Archer to follow him. They followed the woman to the sitting-room, where they found a man seated near one of the windows. "Jem," said the woman, "here's a boy who wants to see you."

The man turned around and looked at Bob.

The boy, with an exclamation of surprise, recognized him as the brawny crook who had captured him at the house on the Hackensack River, and from whom he had escaped with Archer's assistance.

The man recognized him and sprang to his feet with a deep imprecation.

Archer now recognized him also, and the young chaps realized that they had stepped into a hornets' nest.



"So, you've crossed my path again, eh?" said the man, menacingly. "Shut the door, Moll, and turn the key in the lock. These chaps are spies."

The woman was about to obey when Archer, who stood near the door, stepped between her and the outlet and blocked her.

"You're not going to lock us in by a jugful," he said, promptly. "Come on, Bob, let's skip, while we've got the chance."

"No, I don't think you'll skip," cried the brawny crook, springing at Bob and grabbing him by the arm. "Take a chair, Moll, and knock that chap if he makes any attempt to leave the room."

The woman picked up one of the chairs, but Archer didn't wait for her to get into action.

He jumped forward and was soon tussling with her for possession of the piece of furniture.

The brawny man, dragging Bob with him, went to the woman's aid and caught hold of Archer.

The woman then rushed to the door and locked it.

As soon as she had done that she went to a table in the room, opened a drawer, and took out a revolver.

"Here's your gun, Jem," she said.

The brawny man pushed Bob and Jack down on an old-fashioned horsehair stuffed sofa, and taking the weapon, cocked it and faced them.

"Now, what have you got to say for yourselves? What brought you here?"

"We came here because Mr. Tucker led us to this place."

"Followed him again, eh?"

"And you didn't know I was here?"

"No."

"Now that you've got on to me you'll notify the police, of course—that is, if you get the chance," he added, with an ugly grin.

"We've got no business with you. We are after Mr. Tucker. He must be returned to the sanitarium from which he escaped a month ago."

"I knowed that crazy man would get you into trouble, Jem," said the woman. "I told you that you oughtn't to have brought him here."

"Mind your own business, Moll. I know what I'm about. Get some clothesline and tie these fellows. They're the chaps who got away from the house on the river and carried our swag with 'em. As soon as Bill and Bowers comes to-night we'll settle our score with 'em, and when we get through with 'em they won't be in any shape to blow on this crib," said the brawny crook in a significant tone.

The woman unlocked the door and went out.

Bob, who had been thinking pretty rapidly, suddenly exclaimed:

"There's the detectives now, Jack. We're all right," pointing at the window.

His ruse was successful.

The brawny man, with an imprecation, half turned around to look.

Bob sprang upon him and seized the revolver.

Archer also jumped up and struck him a heavy blow in the face.

A terrible struggle ensued, in the midst of which the weapon went off and the bullet struck the woman in the thigh as she was entering with the line.

She fell to the floor with a scream.

Bob finally wrenched the revolver from the man's hand, and reversing it hit him over the temple with the butt, knocking him senseless.

Grabbing the rope, they bound him hand and foot, dragged him outside into the entry, and shoved him into a closet they saw there, turning the key on him.

Then they locked the moaning woman in the sitting-room.

"Now to make sure of Mr. Tucker," said Bob.

They went upstairs and made a tour of the rooms, in one of which they found the mad broker lying asleep, fully dressed, on the bed.

They tied him hand and foot, locked the door, and started for the town, about a mile away, to notify the Jersey City police by telephone.

Detectives were sent out to meet Bob and his friend, and by dark the brawny man and his wife were in jail in Jersey City, while Mr. Tucker was on his way back to the sanitarium.

One of the detectives remained at the house with a town constable to capture Bowers and Bill if they turned up.

They did turn up after dark and were arrested and taken to Jersey City.

The three crooks were subsequently tried for the robbery of the traction magnate's house and sent to State prison, while the woman was sent to reformatory.

As for Mr. Tucker, he never recovered his reason.

Bob's deal in J. & D. proved as successful as his other ones, and he realized a profit of \$16,000, raising his capital to \$27,000.

It was his last deal, for Forrest Tucker promoted him to a desk in the counting-room, and thereafter he had no time to monkey with the market.

He was well satisfied, however, to leave well enough alone, and invested his money in good five per cent. real estate mortgages, from which he realized an income that subsequently enabled him to build a nice little house when he married Edna Archer, Jack's sister, and settled down in life.

Next week's issue will contain: "DOLLARS FROM DUST; or, THE BOY WHO WORKED A SILVER MINE."

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# The Wall Street Hoodoo

— or —

## The Boy the Brokers Feared

By Gaston Garne

(A Serial Story.)

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

"Mother, come back to the kitchen and let Dora and Nettie stay in here. I want to tell you something," and he led the way back into the little kitchen of the flat.

There he told her he had several thousand dollars in the bank and how he made it.

"Robert, are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes, mother, I am. I can not only take care of you, but I can actually buy a home for you. But I won't do it unless you fire that man."

She was so astounded at his story that she decided to follow his advice.

"Now, you wait here, mother," said he, "and I'll go downtown and get the name of a good lawyer. I've a lot of good friends among the brokers, and some one of them can give me the name of a good lawyer. Then, if you'll begin suit for divorce at once, I'll put up the money; and what's more, I'll give you as much money as you want to go out and rent another flat over on the other side of town, so you'll be away from your troublesome, inquisitive neighbors."

He then left the house and went downtown, asked Mr. Hennessey to give him the name of a good lawyer, that his mother wanted to get a divorce from his stepfather.

"Well, you don't want a Wall Street lawyer for that sort of business," said he, and he took up a card and wrote the name and address of a lawyer up near the City Hall.

Robert took it, went to the bank, drew a thousand dollars, the most of which he intended to give to his mother in order to give her more courage.

He saw the lawyer and told him the story.

"Well, let me tell you, my boy, she can get a separation from him, but not a full divorce simply for wife-beating, and she can force him, too, to contribute to her support."

"Oh, we don't care a penny for any of his money. I can take care of her myself. I have two little sisters, but he is not the father of them. Our father is dead. Now, tell me how much money you want. I'm ready to pay a reasonable price."

"All right. Can you pay a hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir. Give me a receipt for it and here's the money."

The lawyer took up a pen to write the receipt, and when he heard the name of Robert Whiddon he looked at him inquiringly and asked:

"Are you the Wall Street hoodoo?"

"Yes, sir. That's what they call me down there."

"Well, well, well! All right, Bob, for that's what they all call you. I'll attend to the matter. Bring your mother here and let me have a talk with her to get all the particulars."

Bob hurried back home and found a couple of the neighbors in the building in close confab with his mother.

He asked the women to retire, and he threw a roll of nine hundred dollars into his mother's lap, saying:

"Look here, mother, there is enough to take care of you for a year, so you don't want that old bully around you any longer. Put on your best clothes now and go down to the lawyer's office with me. I've already employed one and paid him."

She dared not leave either of the little girls behind, so she dressed them up as best she could and took them down with her to the lawyer's office, where she answered bravely all the questions put to her.

"Now, madam," said he, "if he should procure bail and get out you must be very careful and not admit him as a husband in the house. My advice to you is, if you can do so, to rent a flat somewhere else and move into it immediately. Then he will have no right to intrude in your home. He has paid the rent of the flat where you now reside, hence you have no right to keep him out."

Bob never took up his shoe-box again until he had hurried around and rented a flat over on the West Side for his mother.

He at once purchased carpets and a lot of furniture to furnish it up complete.

Within forty-eight hours she was comfortably settled over on the West Side.

Meanwhile Bob hunted up Officer Johnson and made inquiry as to what disposition had been made of Burwald.

"Why, he goes over to the island to-morrow if he can't pay his fine," said the officer. "Besides that, he will have to remain under lock and key if he can't give bond to keep the peace for six months."

The next day a friend of Burwald's paid the fine for him, but that didn't free him. He had to give bond for five hundred dollars to keep the peace.

That wasn't such an easy thing to do.

He sent a young lawyer to his employer, and the latter said that he didn't care to risk any money on a man who would beat his wife.

Meanwhile Mrs. Burwald was, at Bob's insistence, buying clothes for herself and the two little girls.

She was very prudent in her purchases, for she didn't know how much money Bob had; but he told her not to worry about that, to go ahead and get whatever she wanted, and be particular to get some nice clothes for Sunday for herself and his sisters.

A few days later Burwald was served with the papers in a suit for separation, and he flew into a rage.

He knew that Bob was at the bottom of it. He got a young lawyer to make application for a reduction on the bond, and the judge reduced it to \$300, which he finally succeeded in giving.

When he went to his home he found the rooms bare, and none of the tenants in the building seemed to know where his wife had moved to.

He hunted up Officer Johnson and made the inquiry of him.

Johnson knew, but wouldn't tell him.

He finally found out the truckman who did the moving, and he told him.



## CHAPTER XII

## A Badly Frightened Messenger Boy.

Bob felt so proud of his new home and the neat way in which it had been furnished up that he was almost beside himself with joy.

He was not in a tenement district, but in an extremely respectable, quiet neighborhood. He was paying twenty dollars a month for the flat.

The other his stepfather had been paying only eleven dollars for.

One evening he went downstairs to go to an ice-cream saloon on the avenue to get a quart of ice-cream for his mother and sisters.

He had the cream put up, and was returning to the flat with it when he saw Burwald ringing the door-bell.

For a moment it staggered him.

Fortunately he saw the policeman on that beat coming down the street, and he hurried past the house to meet him.

He hurriedly told him his story and slipped a five-dollar bill into his hand, saying:

"I don't want you to waste your time in our family troubles without paying you for it. I'm afraid my stepfather intends to make trouble, as my mother has begun suit against him for separation and doesn't want him around. He hasn't paid any rent there, and the home really belongs to me. I paid for it myself. He is at the door there; now, I want you to go up to the flat with me and hear my mother tell him to keep away. Then it will be your time to inform him that if he makes any trouble it will be your duty to pull him in."

"All right; go ahead," and they walked down together the distance of about three numbers, reaching there as the front door was opened and Burwald was asking the janitress on what floor Mrs. Burwald lived.

She said:

"Two flights up, on the right."

Just then Bob walked in and the policeman behind him.

The janitress said:

"There is Mrs. Burwald's son."

Burwald turned and not only saw Bob, but the officer also.

"Bob, where's your mother?" he asked.

"She is upstairs."

"Well, I want to see her."

"All right. Come up," and he led the way upstairs, followed by Burwald and the officer.

When Bob's mother saw her husband she sprang up in a perfect terror of fright, and would have fled to the farther end of the flat had not Bob stopped her, saying:

"Don't leave the room, mother. Here's an officer to protect you."

She stopped and glared first at the officer and then at her burly husband.

"Mary," said Burwald, "I've been served with papers in a suit for separation. I want to know if you really meant that of did Bob put you up to it?"

"I mean it," she replied. "I never intend to live with you again. You treated me brutally. Bob has provided a home for me, and I don't want to be bothered by you."

"That's enough," said Bob; "so you'd just bet-

ter let mother alone. The officer here will tell you that you have no right to bother her, and that you will be arrested if you attempt it."

"All right. That's all I wanted to know," and the big truckman turned and left the room; went downstairs and looked up at the number of the house as if to make sure he would not forget it.

The officer followed him downstairs and said to him:

"Family troubles are happening every day in this big city, my friend. It's always best to separate when people can't live together harmoniously. I understand that you have been served with a notice of suit for separation. It will be illegal for you to try to force yourself on your family, so let me advise you, as a man who knows what he is talking about, for I've been on the force for fifteen years, that it's best for you to keep away."

"All right," and he walked off down the street.

Bob was satisfied that he had headed off his stepfather most effectively.

His mother, though, knowing his brutal nature, was afraid for Bob's life, and she told him so.

"Mother, he is under bond to keep the peace for six months, so I guess he'll be on his good behavior for that length of time, anyway, so don't you worry about it, for he knows that he will be severely punished if he makes any trouble."

Since moving over on the West Side Bob was careful never to bring his shoe-box home with him.

He left it with the janitor of the big building in which Broker Hennessey had his offices. He didn't want the people in the neighborhood of his new home to know that he was a bootblack, and again the idea impressed itself upon his mind that he should drop it altogether. The next morning he told his story to Broker Hennessey.

It nearly took that gentleman's breath away.

"Well, I'll be hanged if you haven't met with a fool's luck, for nobody but a fool would have bought that mining stock."

"Not so much of a fool as you might think, sir," said Bob. "I heard a broker say he would give a dollar and a quarter for it, and I bought it for fifty cents a share, so I knew what I was doing. But I sold it at 130 and made \$24,000 out of it. Now, I want you to tell me what you think I ought to do, stick to my bootblacking or get out of it? If I give it up I'll lose opportunities of picking up tips."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do, Bob; give up your box and set in here as my messenger boy. I'll pay you seven dollars a week, and will send you all around into different offices, and into the Stock Exchange where you'll have opportunities to pick up tips. But can you do that and keep your mouth shut?"

"Yes, I am still a clam. But look here, Mr. Hennessey, you won't tell anybody I've got any money, will you?"

"Of course not."

"That settles it, then. I'm ready to run any errands you want."

"I've got nothing for you to do now. You can sit down in that corner there. Day before yesterday I discharged my messenger boy for consuming too much time on an errand on which he should have been only fifteen minutes. He was gone an hour.

(To be continued)



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1927

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## INTERESTING ARTICLES

### SUMMERTIME IS AUTO-TIME

Why miss a single week-end trip when you can buy a car at a low price and on easy terms through American Classified Ads.

### IF YOU HAD KNOWN

Long ago you could have bought the site of Chicago for \$75, and it's a pity you didn't do it and keep the place quiet.

### AGE LIMIT

Pennsylvania has adopted a new motor law, effective January 1 next, by which the Secretary of the Highway Department will have power to order decrepit and wornout passenger automobiles and trucks off the roads. He may do so by refusing to register such vehicles.

### GARAGE FOR BANK IN MINNEAPOLIS

Garage feature in office building is prominent in the 28-story Forshay Tower, now being erected in Minneapolis. A tenant will be able to drive his car in the basement, park it and take the elevator to his office. His clients will have the same service.

A Los Angeles bank which originated the feature has found it profitable from the viewpoint of revenue from car storage as well as a booster of rental values due to the convenience.

### CITIES PLAN PARKING SPACE UNDER PARKS

Paris and London are considering the plan of having garages, carparking spaces and cab stands beneath the city parks. The idea was introduced by the Automobile Association, which has been urging the government to take up its suggestion for underground parking places.

The plan would be to make a cellar garage with four subways providing two entrances and two exits, under each park. As London has 365 public squares, there would be room for tens of thousands of cars. Government officials have held back on the project, it is said, because they said the cost would be so high that it would not pay.

## GERMAN PROPERTY BILL TO GET TREASURY AID

The House bill providing for the return of alien property to German owners will be given the support of the Treasury Department when this legislation is again put before Congress in December, Ogden L. Mills, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, made known recently.

Mr. Mills declared he was confident the measure would be given favorable action this fall and pointed out that it should be given first consideration by Congress. It should have precedence over all other bills, in spite of the important work which faces Congress, according to the Secretary.

By turning back the property, which involves approximately \$100,000,000, to Germany, Mr. Mills pointed out that Germany would be better enabled to make its next reparations payments according to the Dawes plan. Otherwise, it is stated in some quarters, that nation may be forced to seek other help or ask a delay in its payments.

"If, as seems likely, most of this property is owned by Germany, it should be returned, and the return of these millions would facilitate the operation of the Dawes plan during the next few years," Mr. Mills said. "This would have an important effect on the general economic situation in Europe."

## LAUGHS

"What is the matter now?" asked the leading actor, as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet. "Matter? That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list."

First Summer Girl—You should have slept with me last night, Tess. The man in the next room kept hollering "Cash! Cash!" all night long in his sleep. Second Summer Girl—Wonder which he is—day goods clerk or foreign nobleman?

"What did Noah live on when the flood subsided and his provisions in the ark were exhausted?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know," squeaked a little girl, after the others had given up. "Well, what?" inquired the teacher. "Dry land."

Aunt Maria—Girls, here comes that young man who was out driving with Jennie Huggins the day she had two ribs broken. Girls—Oh, introduce him, quick! Aunt Maria—Yes, the buggy turned over, and—. Girls (sitting down again)—Oh, pshaw!

"Who is that fellow across the street there, and what's he raving about? His arms and jaws are working like those of a Popocratic orator at a free silver convention." "Hush! That's Wadly. His folks are afraid he's losing his mind. Bought a high-grade bike the day before the cut."

"I wish to say to my congregation," said the minister, "that the pulpit is not responsible for the error of the printer on the tickets for the concert in the Sunday-school room. The concert is for the benefit of the arch fund, not the arch fiend. We will now sing hymn six, 'To err is Human, to Forgive Divine.'"



## A Strange Adventure

"I have hunted wild animals in almost every country where they exist," said Captain Kincardin, "and of course I have had my share of perilous adventures.

"I went out from Bangalore in the fall of 1870 with a party of British officers to hunt tigers. We, of course, intended to knock over anything else in the name of game, but tigers were the main object. We took the railroad for about a hundred miles up the country, and then secured carts and drivers and beaters at a village and drove twenty miles to a range of wooded hills, which were greatly cut up with gullies and traversed by several small creeks. The nearest village was in a fertile valley three miles from our camp. The inhabitants were preparing to leave it as we reached the neighborhood. Two man-eating tigers had made their appearance in the hills and created the greatest consternation. Their first victim had been seized from a family circle sitting around a fire just at dusk. He was a boy about fifteen years old, and the beast had seized him by the hip and trotted off with him as a dog carries a bone. She was in no hurry, going at a slow trot, and her mate covered her retreat and menaced the father as he shouted and flung firebrands. The boy's cries were heard for a long time, and next morning many places were found along the trail where he had clutched the grass with his hands and pulled it up by the roots. He had been carried less than half a mile and all that was found of his remains were two or three larger bones and some bloody fragments of clothing. The villagers organized a grand hunt to either kill the tigers or drive them away, but the result was the killing of one man and the wounding of two others, the beasts seeming rather to seek a conflict than avoid one by running.

"The hunt was abandoned and the villagers lived in a state of terror for the next week. The appearance of a single man-eating tiger in the vicinity of a native village creates more terror than fire or flood or epidemic. After a tiger has eaten three or four human beings he seems to lose all his fear of man, and it is a fact that he will eat no other meat unless reduced to fierce hunger. When the natives would no longer go forth to give this pair of tigers opportunities to seize them the beasts invaded the village. The huts were frail structures, with doors and windows guarded by blankets, and the tigers had entered three different places by night and carried off victims. A woman whose husband had been seized related the circumstances with great detail. A light had been kept burning to keep the beasts away, but as the family of five were asleep on the floor at midnight one of the great cats sprang in at the window, which was undefended. This opening, as I saw myself, was only about two feet square. The beast sprang over a child to seize the husband and father, gripping the man by the right shoulder. There was a heavy blanket at the door, and the tiger had not noticed that opening. Of course, all the sleepers were at once aroused, and all set up a great yelling and screaming. So far from the tiger being in the least put out by the confusion, he took his own time and paid no attention to any one but his

victim. He pinned the man down flat on his back for a moment, growling in a low tone.

"Strike him with my sword," called the man to his wife, but she, poor thing, was too frightened to use the weapon, although it was at hand and sharp enough to have inflicted great injury. With his free arm the man caught up a billet of wood and belabored the tiger, but the beast took a firm hold, lifted the man up, and sprang for the opening. It was fully seven feet from the door, and both fell back with a crash. The tiger tried it again, but with the same result. He then changed his hold to the man's throat made a third spring, and after some hard work, managed to get out with his victim, though it seemed absolutely impossible for him to accomplish it.

"This occurred on the night before our arrival, and we found the window casing covered with blood and showing the marks of claws. Further than that, the spoor left by the beast as it dragged the body away was plain to be followed, and we ran over it about half a mile to find the spot where the victim had been eaten. We had camped, as I told you, in the hills about three miles from the village.

"There were a few cowardly cur dogs in the village, but none of these had been molested by the tigers. One of them took a liking to me, and when I mounted to the platform to begin my watch he lay down at the foot of the tree. I scolded at him, and flung three or four broken branches at his head, but he refused to go away. It was a balmy evening with plenty of stars but no moon. One could have seen a man moving many rods away, if he kept in the open, but it was very dark under the trees, and the grass in the openings were two feet high. I was close to the hut from which the man had been dragged, but had not kept my watch long before I realized that it was a great chance if I caught the slightest glimpse of the expected visitors. There were so many dark spots below me and the foliage so obstructed my vision that I had a good mind to descend and seek for some other position. However, I held on, and by and by the villagers grew quiet and were in a happy frame of mind, believing the man-eaters as good as dead or driven to some other district, now that we had arrived. Some of them even neglected to drop the blankets hanging over their doors.

"It had come to be 10 o'clock, and I was wondering if I dared light a cheroot, when I heard the dog before me whine and move about. Next moment I caught the sight of two dark objects stealing across the open space toward the foot of my tree, and realized that the tigers had come. The dog ran out to meet them, singular as it may appear, and then occurred a familiar scene. You have seen a mastiff stand still in all his dignity while a puppy scampered around him in play. Well, the tigers stood there stiff as two statues, and the cur ran around in a circle and tried his best to get up a frolic. They at first growled in a menacing way, but as he continued his play, they grew better natured, and, after a few minutes, all three were in for frolic. I could not see as distinctly as I could have wished for, but I made out the movements very well. The tigers jumped over the dog a dozen different times, and on three or four occasions dropped their tails and ran away to let him pursue them,



but always coming back to the same place. I softly cocked my gun for a shot, but they were so constantly on the move that I dared not risk it. Our object was to bag one or both, instead of driving them away from the neighborhood by a general alarm. The play continued for a quarter of an hour, and ceased then because a child in a hut nearby cried out in its sleep. The tigers changed their demeanor in an instant, and a low growl warned the dog that the frolic was at an end. He did not want it so, but scarcely had he renewed his efforts when one of the beasts struck him a blow with its paw and laid him dead on the grass. Then both stood stock still, listening for the cry to be repeated. They were side by side, broadside to me, and not a hundred feet away, but in the darkness it was a chance shot. I pulled trigger, and the report of the rifle was followed by a terrible growling and snarling and the sounds of claws at work in the grass. The natives were out in a moment, shouting, screaming, and blowing horns, and as soon as their torches were alight I descended from my perch. One of the tigers was rolling over and over on the ground, and uttering sounds of rage, while the other had disappeared. I gave the wounded beast a shot through the head, and when we came to examine the body we found it to be that of the tigress.

"The lieutenant came running up to compliment me on my luck, and in ten minutes every man, woman and child in the village was in the circle around the dead beast. Everybody supposed the mate had made off for the jungle, as would be the case nineteen times out of twenty, but we were sadly mistaken. While we stood in a circle, with eight or ten torches, lighting the scene, the male tiger seized a woman who stood not over ten feet from me, and, before even a cry was raised, had disappeared in the darkness.

"When morning came we took up the spoor and trailed the tiger and his victim to a grove about half a mile away. He had only half devoured the body, proving that hunger had not forced him to display such boldness. He had taken his full time about eating, and then made for the hills. Some of the native trackers could follow his trail on a run, and they came upon two places where the beast had turned in his tracks, as if he contemplated a return to the village and the seizure of another victim. The trail was followed to the mouth of a dark, dry gully with a rocky bottom and sides lined with bushes, and the natives would go no further. One of them was dispatched to our camp with word to come over, and in a couple of hours there were five of us men on the ground with a determination to hunt the big cat to his death. A body of natives were sent off up the hill to beat the gully, and we took our stations in a crescent, each man facing the hill, and none of us over 100 feet away from the spot where the trail had been abandoned. It turned out that the gully did not penetrate the hill for more than a quarter of a mile, and after a little the natives got on both sides of it and began to beat toward us.

"The beaters had been at work half an hour when we heard a cry announcing that the man-eater was making his way toward the plain, hustled along somewhat by the volleys of stones, but sharpening his claws and growling defiance. In taking up our positions it so happened that

Lieut. Farrington was on my right in line with the mouth of the gully, and not more than twenty feet from my elbow. In three or four minutes after a cry of warning the tiger appeared in the mouth of the galley, head on to Farrington, and looking him straight in the face.

"'Hold on! He's my meat!' shouted the officer as he brought his gun up, and it became a point of honor with the rest of us to hold our fire. He took cool and careful aim, but his bullet simply touched his skin between the tigers ears. He dropped like a stone, but was up in an instant, and, with a roar to shake any man's nerves, he sprang forward at the lieutenant. In the tenth of a second I turned my eyes from the beast to the officer, and what was my horror to see a serpent twining itself about his leg and rearing its head on a level with his shoulder. I forgot all about the oncoming tiger, and for the first time in my life my blood seemed turned to ice. Farrington stood with his left foot ahead and right braced, and as the tiger touched the ground for his last spring the rifle spoke again and the beast rolled over with a ball through the brain. Then, while we all kept our places like so many blocks of stone, he dropped his rifle, seized the snake just below the head with his right hand, and came walking toward us. The serpent writhed and twisted about in its rage and as it uncoiled itself from the man's leg flung it thirty feet away. It was rushing back at him when one of the party, with a shot-gun at his shoulder, blew its head off.

"'Good shot!' remarked Farrington, as he walked back and picked up his rifle.

"We ran after him and shook his hand, and showered unstinted praise on him for his nerve, but he would not be a hero. It was the presence of the serpent, which was of a highly poisonous species, which had disturbed his first aim. He felt it under his foot and realized that its bite meant death, but a maddened tiger was before him, and he did not give the snake second thought."

#### GERMAN WILL ERECT 100 K.W. STATION; MAY BE HEARD HERE

"Organization of broadcasting in Germany is such that most of the listeners have not the choice of different programs offered in the United States."

This is the opinion of Baron von Ardenne, twenty-year-old radio engineer, who recently arrived here to study radio conditions in America.

That condition is to be remedied in the near future, he declared, by the erection of a mammoth station, working with 100 kilowatts of power in the antenna, using a wave length of 1,250 meters. The station will be located at Zeesben, twenty miles from Berlin.

Sufficient power is used to facilitate reception of the station in the United States, he says.

Baron von Ardenne's arrival was simultaneously with the readjustment of the new wave lengths for broadcasting stations. He showed considerable interest, declaring that a similar change was recently made in Europe, on account of the heterodyne taking place between different stations.

The European situation was solved by international agreement. The broadcasting band was divided into ninety-nine channels, separated by ten kilocycles.



## TIMELY TOPICS

## THREE TEST CARS WILL BE ADDED TO SUPERVISORS EQUIPMENT

Three test cars are to be added to the equipment of radio supervisors, according to Chief Radio Supervisor W. Terrell. One of the cars is to go to Chicago, another to Atlanta and the other to San Francisco. The radio division already has one test car in the field, which is at Detroit.

It is Mr. Terrell's ambition to supply each district with a test car when the money is available.

The test cars are used to trace interference, measure signal strengths of stations and check up frequencies of stations.

## ONLY 50,000 MANHATTAN FAMILIES WELL HOUSED

"In Manhattan alone there are more than 500,000 families, of which possibly a tenth are really adequately housed," says Charles V. Bossert, builder. "The other 90 per cent either live in passable apartment houses, but paying rent all out of proportion to their income, or live in entirely inadequate quarters.

"Unquestionably the finer apartment house offers more attractive investment for a certain type of builder," says Mr. Bossert, "but I am firmly convinced that in the long run there is just as much money and more happiness and sense of well-doing in encouraging and providing for reasonably priced suburban developments."

## WRECKAGE LIKE NUNGESSER PLANE FOUND

Wreckage believed to be that of the White Bird, flown by Captain Nungesser and Major Coli from France in an attempt to reach New York, has been found in the interior of Newfoundland two hunters reported recently.

The hunters, who live in Flat Bay, on the west coast, brought out the report that about forty miles inland in the wilderness they had sighted what looked like a large white boat. Railway officials at Saint Georges, to whom they reported their find, believing this might be the fuselage of the trans-Atlantic plane, immediately sent Track Superintendent Keefe with Major F. Sidney Cotton by special car to question the men further and to determine what was actually seen.

It was possible that with additional information to be gained by questioning by one familiar with the design of the plane flown by the Frenchmen, as is Major Cotton, who has been engaged in a search for them, identification might be made, but it was said that several days would be needed to penetrate to the spot in the forests where the hunters said they saw the object.

## AVIATION IS EXPANDING IN SCOPE AND SAFETY

Encouraging progress in the scope of flying and continuing gain in safety is noted for the fiscal year 1927, which has just ended, Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said.

In a study of preliminary returns on the amount of flying, Mr. Warner pointed out that

during the year the number of passenger miles flown in the Naval Service for every fatality was approximately 750,000 miles. Aggregate distance flown during the period studied was in excess of 8,000,000 miles.

The number of hours flown in heavier-than-air craft by the personnel of the Navy and Marine Corps during the fiscal year was a trifle in excess of 100,000, an increase of more than 20 percent over the previous year and considerably more than 50 percent over any prior post-war year. Aggregate distance flown during the year was more than 8,000,000 miles, nearly equal to the covering of the distance around the earth at the Equator for every day in the year.

## FAIRY FLOWERS ARE FAD AMONG WOMEN IN LONDON

Finding a fairy in flowers is the latest fad of the fashionable woman, and a most charming fad it is. At a West End restaurant a fair-haired woman in a leaf-green dress displayed an example of the new mode. On her right shoulder she wore a silken mauve orchid, but it wasn't an ordinary orchid at all. In the flower's center was a golden-haired fairylet, and the stem was the fairy's slim green-clad limbs.

Another example of this fashion was displayed in a pink chiffon frock worn by an American girl at Covent Garden recently at the premiere of "Turandot." On either side of her swathed waistband was a flat flower of palest pink velvet; in the flowers' centers were flat silken heads of fairy dolls with crisp curling golden hair resembling stamens.

## SPIRIT OF BROADWAY, COLORS CHARACTER FOR GALLO THEATRE

"Our new Gallo Theatre nearing completion on 54th Street west of Broadway is of the Broadway stamp for opera, concerts, recitals," said Fortune Gallo, impresario of San Carlo Grand Opera Company, yesterday, "our architect, Eugene De Rosa, and Podgur & Berry, the builders, keeping in mind its dual character.

"Acoustical experts have collaborated, testing sound values to make acoustics perfect. Particularly elaborate and extensive are the promenades, salons, rest rooms and other conveniences on three floors for social intercourse during intermissions.

"The auditorium is in Italian Renaissance, which generally dominates throughout with prevailing color medium blue and gold trimmings, taking in considerable ivory and a dash of turquoise green. In gentle contrast, draperies are old rose and gold, the carpet in same colors on field of blue, wainscoting and other wood work walnut, chairs walnut, blue and gold. The large orchestra contains five aisles—more than in any other New York theatre, a boon for two-on-the-aisle seats. We expect to open with San Carlo Opera in September, then with general Broadway shows, preferably operetta, concerts and recitals Sundays."



## ITEMS OF INTEREST

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### TRAFFIC RULES KNOWLEDGE AIDS

It is well for the motorist to be familiar with the traffic regulations of cities and towns through which he passes.

### TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR CLOCK UNPOPULAR WITH GERMANS

The twenty-four-hour clock, recently installed throughout the German railways system and in the Reichstag, has a hard time winning the favor of the populace. Watchmakers find there is virtually no demand for dials indicating the twenty-four hours of the day.

### GIANT MAGNETS CLEARS ROADWAY OF NAIL PERILS

New equipment for removing nails and metal matter from highways has just been perfected by the engineering department of the State College of Agriculture, at Pullman. It consists of an especially built magnet for road work. Each magnet is strong enough to pick up a loose nail a distance of six inches or more and in operation the magnet is carried about two inches off the road. It has in demonstration picked out nails buried two inches in the gravel or mashed into the tar divisions of the concrete. The equipment has four-foot magnets sweeping a strip eight feet wide.

### £1,000 SILVER DINNER SET TO SERVE EASTERN RULER

Stamping in sterling silver for a dinner service ordered in London by an Eastern potentate have recently been completed by the Sheffield factory. The service includes every table article required for a state banquet and is estimated to be worth £1,000. Although the Sheffield factories employ highly skilled silversmiths, in this instance the stampings were sent to London for completion, as the business had been obtained by a London firm.

About twenty-five years ago the Sheffield house carried out an order, also for an Eastern ruler, for a bedroom suite in sterling silver. The work took several months and was one of the biggest orders ever executed by small silversmiths.

### INDIANS TELL OF PLANE IN FOREST

Another suggestion that the missing French airmen, Nungesser and Coli, may have landed in this north country has come through a story told by J. A. Gobeil, secretary of the Chicoutimi County Agricultural Society. He declares that two Indians he encountered in the woods a few days ago related that they had not only seen a white airplane, but they had actually touched it, back in the woods. When these Indians, named Bacon and Gagnon, were asked to give the location of the white plane, they replied that it lay back in the bush, about a week's march distant. This would place the wreckage, if such it is, between 150 and 200 miles north of Chicoutimi.

H. W. Smith and L. O'Reilly, of New York, screen news men, sought out Bacon and Gagnon and immediately departed on an expedition to where the Indians say they saw the plane.

### 5 PER CENT MORTGAGES AWAITED BY LOAN EXPERTS

Borrowers on bond and mortgage have it all their own way nowadays. The market is flooded with funds, vast sums of money being in the strong boxes of banks, title and trust companies waiting for borrowers to claim it providing they have ample negotiable security to offer for loans.

Funds are piling up and the borrowers on mortgage are not sufficient to absorb the accumulated capital. For this reason the owner of property that is classed as choice can borrow today at a 5 per cent rate of interest.

Discounting of existing mortgages is likewise an aid to the accumulation of capital because the holders of the mortgages, upon their expiration are not asking for refunding but are eager to make renewals even at a lower rate of interest.

That the rate for mortgages on real estate gives every index of softening from the general level of 5 1-2 per cent is evidenced by the large volume of low rate gilt edged securities now being displayed by Wall Street interests and the success of low interest Government bonds.

Attractive securities are increasing and as borrowers on mortgage just now are comparatively small in number the expectancy is that to attract borrowers the general rate will drop to 5 per cent.

### NEW CHRYSLER "RED HEAD" HIGH COMPRESSION ENGINE

A new high compression engine which, it is predicted, will completely alter the public's understanding of motor car performance—power, speed and acceleration—is announced by the Chrysler Corporation.

This new engine, to be known as the Chrysler "Red-Head"—the head will be painted a vivid red color to distinguish it—makes it possible for the Chrysler car owner to take advantage of the greater power-producing elements of high compression fuels. The net results of the combination of the high compression engine and high compression gasoline is:

A motor that runs more smoothly; gives more power under any conditions, but particularly on hills and heavy roads; quicker acceleration making the car easier to handle in traffic; reduction in the amount of gear-shifting; elimination of "knocking" without retarding the spark; puts an end to all carbon troubles and makes carbon formation an asset; reduces vibration and engine wear and tear, and, finally, gives more power from each gallon of fuel used.

This newly developed engine and assembly is distinctly different from the ordinary engine and is a development which has been made practical through the wider distribution of higher grade motor fuels.

Just what happens when a high compression cylinder head is used can be explained simply. In any gasoline engine the down stroke of the piston pulls a certain volume of gas into the cylinder. The intake valve closes. Then the piston arises, compressing the gas.



# Fame and Fortune Weekly

## — Latest Issues —

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|--|--|
| 1093 The Little Wizard; or, The Success of a Young Inventor.                   | 1117 Rough and Ready Dick; or, A Young Express Agent's Luck.                   |
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| 1095 Banker Barry's Boy; or, Gathering the Dollars in Wall Street.             | 1119 The Boy Builder; or, The Rise of a Young Mason.                           |
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| 1101 Dick, the Boy Lawyer; or, Winning a Big Fee.                              | 1125 From Farm to Fortune; or, The Boy Who Made Money In Land.                 |
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| 1104 Three Grand Speculators; or, The Wall Street Boys' Syndicate.             | 1128 Dandy Dick, the Boy Boss Broker; or, Hustling for Gold in Wall Street.    |
| 1105 A Stroke of Luck; or, The Boy Who Made Money in Oil.                      | 1129 Caught By Cannibals; or The Treasure of the Land of Fire.                 |
| 1106 Little Hal, the Boy Trader; or, Picking Lip Money in Wall Street.         | 1130 The Little Operator; or, Cornering the "Bears" of Wall Street.            |
| 1107 On the Gold Coast; or, The Treasure of the Stranded Ship.                 | 1131 Air Line Ed; or Building a Telegraph Line.                                |
| 1108 Lured by the Market; or, A Boy's Big Deal in Wall Street.                 | 1132 A Boy of the Curb; or, The Secret of a Treasury Note.                     |
| 1109 Trading Tom; or, The Boy Who Bought Everything.                           | 1133 From Foundry Boy to Steel King; or, The Rise of a Young Bridge Builder.   |
| 1110 Favored by Fortune; or, The Youngest Firm in Wall Street.                 | 1134 The Missing Box of Bullion; or, The Boy Who Solved a Wall Street Mystery. |
| 1111 Jack Jasper's Venture; or, A Canal Route to Fortune.                      | 1135 Claim No. 7; or, A Fortune from a Gold Mine.                              |
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| 1113 A Young Lumber King; or, The Boy Who Worked His Way Up.                   | 1137 The Boy Ice King; or, Coining Money From the River.                       |
| 1114 Ralph Roy's Riches; or, A Smart Boy's Run of Wall Street.                 | 1138 Four of a Kind; or, The Combination that Made Wall Street Hum.            |
| 1115 A Castaway's Fortune; or, The Hunt for a Pirate's Gold.                   | 1139 Bob Brandon, Contractor; or The Treasure That Led To Fame.                |
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